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MARCH 1986

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HUSKY MARATHON 40



SNUFFLING OUT TRUFFLES IN FRANCE 52

COVER PHOTOGRAPH
Simon Baynes, one of Britain's freestyle skiing squad, by David Higgs.



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HIGHLIGHTS

Saturday, March 1

St David's Day.

Camden Festival opens with Lion of Judah, a programme of songs about the Crusades, in Old St Pancras Church (8pm). The festival encompasses 100 events in 20 venues throughout the borough and includes among its British stage premières Kurt Weill's *The Protagonist* and *The Czar has his Photograph Taken* at the Bloomsbury Theatre (12-15). Until 22.

Sunday, March 2

The Queen and Duke of Edinburgh arrive in Canberra for their tour of Australia, where they will visit New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia on the occasion of its sesquicentenary. Until 13.

Christopher Hampton's film adaptation of Anita Brookner's Booker prize-winning novel, *Hotel du Lac*—starring Anna Massey and Denholm Elliott—is shown on BBC 2 (10.10pm).

Monday, March 3

Joaquín Rodrigo Festival, marking the 85th birthday of the celebrated Spanish composer, opens at the Queen Elizabeth Hall with the first of four concerts by the Bournemouth Sinfonietta (7.45pm). Also 6, 10, 15.

Café Puccini, a musical biography of Puccini by Robin Ray, opens at Wyndham's.

RSC/Royal Insurance Armchair Proms week begins at the Barbican. Some 500 seats in the stalls will be sold at £4.50 from 8.30am on the day for performances of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *As You Like It* and *Othello*. Until 8.

Tuesday, March 4

New national daily newspaper, *Today*, launched by Eddy Shah.

Daily Mail Ideal Home Exhibition opens at Earls Court with the theme "Art in the Home".

Luciano Pavarotti coaches four young singers in operatic arias and scenes in an informal master class at the Barbican (7.45pm).

Royal charity film première of *Out of Africa*, starring Meryl Streep and Robert Redford, in the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales, at the Empire Theatre, Leicester Square.

Wednesday, March 5

Whitehall Theatre, restored in its original 1930s Art Deco style, reopens with J. B. Priestley's *When We Are Married*. Cast includes Prunella Scales and Timothy West.

Friday, March 7

Rowan Atkinson in a one-man show, *The New Review*, opens for a limited season at the Shaftesbury Theatre, prior to its Broadway presentation in the autumn.

The Painter-Sculptor in the 20th Century opens at the Whitechapel Art Gallery. Until Apr 27.



The colourful Easter Day Parade will move off on its annual circuit of Battersea Park on March 30. It will be the last to be masterminded by the GLC, which formally expires on March 31. Next year responsibility for the event passes to the Borough of Wandsworth.

Tennis: Britain play at home to Spain in the first round of the 1986 Davis Cup men's team championship (until 9). When the teams last met in Barcelona in 1982, Britain led Spain 7 to 5. This year's record number of 71 competing nations includes for the first time Bangladesh, Ivory Coast, Kenya, Libya, Malta, Saudi Arabia and Syria.

Cricket: Second Test, West Indies v England, starts in Trinidad. Until 12.

Saturday, March 8

Bach's St Matthew Passion is sung in German by the London Bach Society at St Marylebone Parish Church at 2.30pm. (It is sung in English by the Bach Choir at the Royal Festival Hall on 16 and 23, 11am.)

Prince Andrew opens Sailboat 86, sailing boat and dinghy show, at Crystal Palace, SE19. And 9 (10am-6pm).

Sunday, March 9

Mothering Sunday—the fourth Sunday in Lent, also known as Mid-Lent Sunday—originated in a church ordinance requiring priest and people to visit Mother Church halfway through Lent.

National Theatre sells off some of its costume collection at the Lyttelton (6pm).

Monday, March 10

An Observance for Commonwealth Day at Westminster Abbey is attended by the Prince and Princess of Wales (3pm).

Huddersfield Choral Society celebrate 150th anniversary with a performance of *Messiah* at the Royal Festival Hall (7.30pm).

New moon rises at 2.52pm.

Tuesday, March 11

Horse racing: National Hunt Festival begins at Cheltenham. Until 13.

Wednesday, March 12

First London International Opera Festival, with performances that include Montserrat Caballé in recital at Covent Garden on Mar 23, 8pm, begins. Until Apr 19. (Details of events, and of reductions for under-30s available before Mar 7, from 720 7610.)

Spain is scheduled to hold referendum on its continued membership of Nato.

Thursday, March 13

Bertolt Brecht's *The Threepenny Opera*, music Kurt Weill, opens at the Olivier, directed by Peter Wood, with Tim Curry as Mack the Knife.

Horse racing: Cheltenham Gold Cup (3pm).

Saturday, March 15

New production of *Parsifal*, conducted by Reginald Goodall, opens at the Coliseum (5pm).

Sunday, March 16

Parliamentary elections are held in France. Distribution of seats in the National Assembly has been revised and deputies will be elected for the first time under a new system of proportional representation.

British Academy of Film and Television Arts Awards for Films and Television are presented at Grosvenor House Hotel.

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau gives a recital of Schubert Lieder at Covent Garden (8pm).

Monday, March 17

St Patrick's Day.

Tuesday, March 18

Budget Day.

Thursday, March 20

Vernal equinox. The point at which the sun crosses the celestial equator, day and night are of equal length all over the world, and in the northern hemisphere spring officially begins.

The Queen attends the Royal Film Performance of *White Nights*, starring Mikhail Baryshnikov and Helen Mirren, at the Odeon, Leicester Square.

Friday, March 21

Exhibition dedicated to Alfred Gilbert, the sculptor of Eros, opens at the Royal Academy. Until June 29.

Cricket: Third Test, West Indies v England, starts in Barbados. Until 26.

Sunday, March 23

Palm Sunday marks the beginning of Holy Week.

Princess Anne visits Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, to attend Royal Gala Performance by Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet. Until 28.

Monday, March 24

Eros returns to Piccadilly Circus.

Academy Awards, Hollywood.

Wednesday, March 26

Football: England v USSR in Moscow.

Full moon rises at 3.02am.

Thursday, March 27

The Queen and Duke of Edinburgh attend the Royal Maundy Service at Chichester Cathedral during which the Queen will distribute the Royal Maundy. For the first time there will be recipients who do not belong to the Church of England.

Domesday 900, an exhibition celebrating the compilation of the Domesday Book in 1086, opens in the Great Hall, Winchester.

Friday, March 28

Good Friday.

Saturday, March 29

The University Boat Race, Putney to Mortlake, starts at 3.15pm. Oxford will be looking for their 11th successive win in a contest Cambridge have won 68 times, Oxford 62.

Sunday, March 30

Easter Day.

Easter Parade in Battersea Park, SW11, starts at 3pm.

British Summer Time begins—clocks go forward one hour at 2am.

Monday, March 31

Harness Horse Parade, in the Inner Circle, Regent's Park, starts with a veterinary inspection at 10am; grand parade at noon.

Mozart's *Così fan tutte*, in a new production directed by Jonathan Miller for television, is broadcast simultaneously on BBC 2 and Radio 3.

LISTINGS

THE ILN'S SELECTIVE GUIDE TO THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

ILN ratings

★★ Highly recommended

★ Good of its kind

☹ Not for us

THEATRE

Where applicable, a special telephone number is given for credit card bookings. Details of each theatre are given only on the first occasion it appears in each section. Opening dates where given are first nights. Reduced price previews are usually held.

Across from the Garden of Allah

Glenda Jackson & Nigel Hawthorne play a screenwriter & his wife caught up in the world of Hollywood. Charles Wood's comedy, directed by Ron Daniels, is not for children or the easily-offended. From Feb 27. Comedy, Panton St, SW1 (930 2578, cc 839 1438).

The Apple Cart

Peter O'Toole, Michael Denison, Marius Goring, Dora Bryan, Moira Lister, Paul Rogers, Dinah Sheridan & Susannah York in Shaw's political comedy. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1 (930 9832, cc).

As You Like It

Adrian Noble's original "dust-sheet" production has settled down quite amiably since Stratford. Juliet Stevenson's Rosalind still rules this unexpected Arden; & Nicky Henson copes, often successfully, with Touchstone & with his usually trying Seventh Cause speech. Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc). REVIEWED JUNE, 1985.

★ Barnum

Whether the great American showman was as gymnastic as this we shall never know; but Michael Crawford, who must be in uncommon training, almost persuades us. The musical is a good synopsis of Barnum's strange career. Victoria Palace, Victoria St, SW1 (834 1317, cc). REVIEWED MAY, 1985.

★ Blithe Spirit

Joanna Lumley, Simon Cadell, Marcia Warren & Jane Asher in Noël Coward's comedy. Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (836 9987, cc 836 5645). REVIEW ON P73.

Brighton Beach Memoirs

Steven Mackintosh plays a 14-year-old boy whose thoughts are the basis of Neil Simon's play, set in 1937 Brooklyn. Frances de la Tour plays his mother. Opens Feb 25. Lyttelton, National Theatre, SE1 (928 2252, cc). Mar 10-15, Theatre Royal, Glasgow (041-331 1234, cc 041-332 9000).

Cats

Although nobody has suggested that T.S. Eliot's cat poems are among his masterpieces, Andrew Lloyd Webber uses them with craft as the basis of a musical that goes on prowling. New London, Drury Lane, WC2 (405 0072, cc 379 6433).

★ The Cherry Orchard

Ian McKellen, in his eager performance of the man who buys the cherry orchard, emerges most strikingly from a new Chekhov trans-

lation (an occasionally unexpected text) by Mike Alfreds & Lilia Sokolov. Until Apr 19. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc). Mar 4-8, His Majesty's Theatre, Aberdeen (0224 638080).

★ ★ A Chorus of Disapproval

Alan Ayckbourn explains (& directs) with witty naturalism the social dilemmas of a newcomer who is promoted rapidly to a leading role in an amateur operatic production. Splendidly played by Bob Peck (as the diffident tyro) & Michael Gambon (as a hurricane of a Welsh director). Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc). REVIEWED SEPT, 1985.

The Dragon's Tail

Although her technique is unmarred, Penelope Keith in Douglas Watkinson's rather tepid comedy is less amusingly dragonish

than we might have expected. Until Mar 22. Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 2663, cc).

The Duchess of Malfi

Philip Prowse's treatment of John Webster's Jacobean tragedy is so rightly atmospheric that one wishes he had thought more of the sound. Ian McKellen's Bosola, grimly dominant, shows how verse & prose should be spoken. Until Apr 5. Lyttelton.

★ 42nd Street

An American showbusiness musical that is an admirable example of high-gear'd professionalism. Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, WC2 (836 8108, cc). REVIEWED OCT, 1984.

Glegarry Glen Ross

Bill Bryden revives his National Theatre production of David Mamet's sardonically accurate American comedy about four real-estate salesmen, with Kevin McNally in the leading

role. Opens Feb 24. Mermaid, Puddle Dock, EC4 (236 5568, cc 741 9999).

★ Guys & Dolls

With its score by Frank Loesser, this is a classic Broadway musical. In a revival originally from the National Theatre, the playing by Lulu, Norman Rossington & others—though why be selective?—might have gratified Damon Runyon. Prince of Wales, Coventry St, W1 (930 8681, cc 930 0844). REVIEWED AUG, 1985.

★ Interpreters

At the heart of Ronald Harwood's excellent piece are Maggie Smith & Edward Fox as a pair of professionals at an Anglo-Russian event &, off-duty, in an Earls Court flat. Text & acting (much aid from Doreen Mantle & John Moffatt) compose an unusual night. Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (734 1166, cc).



Akira Kurosawa's film *Ran*, placing the *King Lear* story firmly in feudal Japan, opens in London on March 7. To coincide with its première here, the 75-year-old Japanese film-maker Kurosawa, whose international successes include *Seven Samurai* and *Kagemusha*, will visit Britain to give a *Guardian* Lecture at the National Film Theatre on March 2 and to receive a special British Film Institute Fellowship on March 4.

★ Les Liaisons Dangereuses

It is more than 20 years since the RSC presented this work by Choderlos de Laclos in a narrative reading. Now Christopher Hampton has devised from the epistolary novel a play subtly sustained, with performances of comparable style. Lindsay Duncan & Alan Rickman are the two late-18th-century aristocrats engaged evilly in the art of seduction. Until Mar 22. The Pit, Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

★ Love for Love

Peter Wood has returned to Congreve's comedy after 20 years. The narrative is fortified by a re-creation of the atmospheric Lila de Nobili settings, & by a superb Restoration performance from Michael Bryant as Sir Sampson Legend. Lyttelton. REVIEWED DEC, 1985.

Melons

Bernard Pomerance's plot—from America of 80 years ago—is oddly constructed but it does live in the brooding dignity of Ben Kingsley's performance as a veteran Apache chief who takes a remorseless revenge. Until Mar 20. The Pit.

The Merry Wives of Windsor

The Stratford production, with Falstaff (Peter Jeffrey) & friends in the manner & costume of the 1950s, may be an acquired taste; but we have to agree that the director (Bill Alexander) & his cast have been entirely professional about it. Barbican. REVIEWED MAY, 1985.

★ Les Misérables

This French-derived music-drama depends less upon its music than upon Victor Hugo's people & an intricately spectacular RSC production by Trevor Nunn & John Caird. Palace, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (437 6834, cc 437 8327).

A Month of Sundays

In Bob Larbey's play George Cole plays a resident of an old people's home who reminisces with members of his family as they call to see him. Duchess, Catherine St, WC2 (836 8243, cc 240 9648).

The Mousetrap

Agatha Christie's thriller, celebrating one-third of a century on Mar 25, seems to be as much a part of London as Nelson's Column, but there must always be people to see it, gratified, for the first time. St Martin's, West St, WC2 (836 1443, cc 379 6433).

★★ Mrs Warren's Profession

Shaw, in revival, continues to surprise. Certainly this early play (his third) does, in both material & contrivance. From Mar 6 Yvonne Bryceland succeeds Joan Plowright as the bordello-keeper whose autobiographical speech is at the core of the night. Lyttelton. Mar 17-22, Theatre Royal, Glasgow.

Mutiny!

In a musical-comedy Tahiti the mutiny is led by Fletcher Christian, played by David Essex (who has also written the score). A magnificent ship (William Dudley's) & a detailed performance (Frank Finlay's as Captain Bligh), but little else. Piccadilly, Denman St, W1 (437 4506, cc 379 6565). REVIEWED SEPT, 1985.

★ Noises Off

Michael Frayn's irresistibly relishing farce—which takes place during the performance of another farce, on tour—may deter potential actors & actresses: possibly good news for Equity. Savoy, Strand, WC2 (836 8888, cc 379 6219). REVIEWED APR, 1982.

No Sex Please, We're British

With a title that when the play opened 15

years ago seemed inspired, this is the *Mousetrap* of farce. Its director, Allan Davis, keeps it fresh. Garrick, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 4601, cc).

Not About Heroes

Stephen MacDonald's play is about the friendship between Siegfried Sassoon & Wilfred Owen after they met in 1917 at an Edinburgh nerve hospital. Cottesloe.

Othello

A small-scale production by Terry Hands. Ben Kingsley, in the surge of the Othello music, has some of the power, less of the glory (even so, he can be keenly touching). David Suchet, though speaking with resourceful vigour as Iago, is not easy to credit. Barbican. REVIEWED NOV, 1985.

Pride & Prejudice

David Pownall's stage adaptation of Jane Austen's novel, with Peter Sallis & Pauline Yates as Mr & Mrs Bennet. Until Mar 8. Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1 (928 7616, cc 261 1821). REVIEW ON P73.

★★ The Real Inspector Hound/The Critic

A grand double bill. Tom Stoppard's play, in which two drama critics find themselves involved with the action on stage, partners Sheridan's seldom-revived comedy, which has a particularly fine performance by Ian McKellen as Mr Puff. Until Apr 12. Olivier.

★ The Road to Mecca

Yvonne Bryceland, Charlotte Cornwell & Bob Peck return with Athol Fugard's semi-poetic portrait of an eccentric South African sculptress. Cottesloe. REVIEWED APR, 1985.

★ Run For Your Wife

If Piccadilly Circus heaves regularly in the evenings (& at matinée times), it is merely the effect of the underground Criterion audience responding to Ray Cooney's storm-along farce. Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1 (930 3216, cc 379 6565). REVIEWED MAY, 1983.

★ The Scarlet Pimpernel

Donald Sinden's gloriously unflustered Sir Percy Blakeney is obviously the personage those revolutionary Frenchmen (including Charles Kay as the envoy Chauvelin) are seeking, but can never find. Beverley Cross's treatment of the Orczy play reaches London happily from Chichester. Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1 (930 4025, cc 741 9999). REVIEWED SEPT, 1985.

Starlight Express

If you have ever played at trains, you will probably like this—otherwise not. Andrew Lloyd Webber has written it, Trevor Nunn directs, & the cast wears roller-skates. Apollo Victoria, Wilton Rd, SW1 (828 8665, cc 630 6262). REVIEWED MAY, 1984.

☉ Torch Song Trilogy

During this relentless evening, Antony Sher exposes, often flamboyantly, the dreary private life of a Jewish drag queen. Harvey Fierstein's three linked pieces are a protracted appeal for compassion on behalf of gays. Albery, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3878, cc 379 6565).

Yonadab

Peter Shaffer's narrative, from the Second Book of Samuel, concerns Amnon's rape of his half-sister Tamar. There seemed no reason to expand it, but Alan Bates as Yonadab, commentator & voyeur, Leigh Lawson as Amnon, & Wendy Morgan as the rape victim are earnestly in the key of an elaborate Peter Hall production. Olivier. Mar 24-29, King's Theatre, Edinburgh (031-229 1201, cc). REVIEWED JAN, 1986.

FIRST NIGHTS

After Aida

Julian Mitchell's play tells how Verdi (Richard Griffiths) was coaxed out of a long silence with the help of his librettist, Boito (Ian Charleson). Mar 12-Apr 19. Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1 (928 7616, cc 261 1821).

Café Puccini

Robin Ray's musical biography of Puccini is set in a 1920s café. The cast includes Lewis Fiander & Nichola McAuliffe. Opens Mar 3. Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 3028, cc).

The Futurists

New play by Dusty Hughes, set in a basement club in Russia in 1921. Richard Eyre directs; the cast includes Charlotte Cornwell, Daniel Day-Lewis & Jack Shepherd. Opens Mar 17. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

Jeanne

Rock opera by Shirlie Roden based on the story of Joan of Arc, with Rebecca Storm in the title role. Mar 4-Apr 5. Sadler's Wells, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916, cc).

Lend Me a Tenor

Ken Ludwig's new comedy concerns the chaos & confusion surrounding a world-famous Italian singer's visit to Cleveland in 1934 to perform with the local opera company. Denis Lawson & Jan Francis head the cast, with Ronald Holgate as the singer. Opens Mar 6. Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 1592, cc).

Made in Bangkok

Felicity Kendal, Peter McNery, Benjamin Whitrow & Paul Shelley in Anthony Minghella's play about a disparate group of travellers on a package tour of the Far East. Opens Mar 18. Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2 (836 6404, cc 741 9999).

The New Revue

Comedian Rowan Atkinson presents a new one-man show, before taking it to play on Broadway in the autumn. Opens Mar 7. Shaf-

tesbury, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (379 5399, cc 741 9999).

The Normal Heart

Martin Sheen comes to London in Larry Kramer's play about AIDS, recently playing at Joseph Papp's Public Theatre in New York. Opens Mar 25. Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1 (730 1745, cc).

The Threepenny Opera

Tim Curry plays Mack the Knife in Peter Wood's new production of the Brecht/Weill musical, based on John Gay's *The Beggar's Opera*. Opens Mar 13. Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

When We Are Married

J.B. Priestley's comedy is the first production in the newly restored Whitehall Theatre. The cast includes Patricia Routledge, James Grout, Prunella Scales, Timothy West, Bill Fraser, Patsy Rowlands & Brian Murphy. Opens Mar 5. Whitehall, Whitehall, SW1 (930 7765, cc).

CINEMA

The following films are expected to be showing in London or on general release at some time during the month. Programmes are often changed at short notice. Consult a local or daily newspaper for exact location & times. Information on West End & Greater London showings in Odeon, ABC & Classic chains from 200 0200.

Agnes of God (15)

Jane Fonda plays a psychiatrist investigating a young nun, Meg Tilly, who has killed her own new-born baby, & comes up against a determined Mother Superior played by Anne Bancroft. Norman Jewison's film emanated from the Broadway stage, & is often histrionic.

☉ Car Trouble (18)

Julie Walters & Ian Charleson play a nightmarish suburban couple who quarrel over his passion for a scarlet Jaguar, in which she seduces the garage man. See it & ➡➡➡



Richard Griffiths as Verdi, with Malcom Storry as his publisher Ricordi, in *After Aida*, opening on March 12 and coinciding with the London International Opera Festival.

CATHERINE NEWBOLD

PORTUGAL



LISBON. At the hub of this revitalised capital city, we are proud to offer as sole selling agents in the UK, sixteen superb new apartments which have been stylishly designed to provide every modern amenity. They enjoy wide ranging views over the city to the Tagus and its famous bridge and provide ideal accommodation for the executives of companies now being established in Portugal prior to its entry to the EEC in 1986. Prices range from £85,000 for a three bedrooomed apartment to £145,000 for a vast penthouse of five bedrooms. Each has central heating/air conditioning systems and a sophisticated range of equipment. Highly recommended.



SINTRA. In this historic village, with its moorish castle and various palaces, 30kms from Lisbon and 20kms from Estoril, we offer a superbly built two storey residence featuring three living rooms, ten bedrooms, four bathrooms, kitchen, various storerooms and a large adega in the basement. Various terraces at different levels offering magnificent views of the mountains. In need of some internal renovation. Ideal for conversion into two/maybe three self-contained apartments. Set in approx. 5,000 sq.m. of mature gardens with an impressive tree-lined driveway. £95,000.



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SOLE SELLING AGENTS

9 Heath Street, London NW3 6TP. Telephone 01-435 2299. Telex 25480 EQUES G.

GEORGE KNIGHT
— Overseas —

CINEMA continued

mourn for British screen comedy. Opens Feb 28. Cannons Oxford St, W1 (636 0310), Pantan St, SW1 (930 0631); ABCs Bayswater, 89 Bishops Bridge Rd, W2 (229 4149), Edgware Rd, W2 (723 5901), Fulham Rd, SW10 (370 2636, cc 370 2110).

★★★A Chorus Line (PG)

Richard Attenborough's brilliant film version of the Broadway musical is full of vitality & power. Michael Douglas is excellent as the director who requires the 17 most promising aspirants to talk about themselves. REVIEWED JAN, 1986.

★Clockwise (PG)

Michael Frayn wrote this comedy, directed by Christopher Morahan, in which John Cleese plays a time-obsessed headmaster whose attempt to reach the Headmasters' Conference escalates through a series of hilarious misadventures. Unfortunately, Frayn digs a deep hole for him & leaves him in it, & the final sequences mar the earlier proceedings. Opens Mar 7. Warner West End, Leicester Sq, WC2 (439 0791); Cinecenta, Pantan St, SW1 (930 0631); Classic, Tottenham Court Rd, W1 (636 6148).

Death in a French Garden (18)

In Michel Deville's French thriller, Michel Piccoli & Nicole Garcia play a rich couple who hire a young music teacher for their daughter. He has an affair with the wife, unaware that she is in fact setting him up for her own murderous ends.

Détective (15)

Jean-Luc Godard's new film is an intricate whodunit with multi flashbacks & an arsenal of literary & cinematic references. Characters include Johnny Hallyday, as a boxing promoter, Claude Brasseur & Nathalie Baye as husband & wife, & Jean-Pierre Léaud as a police inspector. Opens Mar 7. Metro, Rupert St, W1 (437 0757); Camden Plaza, 211 Camden High St, NW1 (485 2443).

Dreamchild (PG)

Gavin Millar's first cinema feature, from a Dennis Potter script, disappoints. Coral Browne plays the elderly Alice recalling on a visit to America in the 1920s her relationship with an Oxford don, the Reverend Charles Dodgson (Lewis Carroll), 70 years earlier. An interesting idea is marred by self-conscious treatment & hideous Muppet monsters.

Echo Park (15)

Engagingly bizarre film in which Tom Hulce, Susan Day & Michael Bowen nurture ambitions to break out of their seedy section of Los Angeles & become, respectively, a songwriter, actress and cinema muscleman. Opens Mar 14. Cannons Pantan St, Tottenham Court Rd, W1 (636 6148); Chelsea Cinema, King's Rd, SW3 (351 3742, cc).

The Empty Table (PG)

Japanese film, directed by Masaki Kobayashi, about repercussions on a family whose son has been arrested as a terrorist. Tatsuya Nakadai (who also has a leading role in Kurosawa's *Ran*) plays a father who rejects the traditional concept of accepting responsibility for his son's behaviour.

★The Girl in the Picture (15)

The Bill Forsyth school of film-making surfaces again with John Gordon-Sinclair playing a young, romantically inclined Glasgow photographer, Irina Brook his on-off girl friend. Cary Parker's film has a gentle, persuasive charm, but on a small scale. Opens Mar 21. Cannons Haymarket, SW1 (839 1527), Tot-

tenham Court Rd; Chelsea Cinema; Odeon, Kensington High St, W8 (602 6644, cc 602 5193).

Jagged Edge (18)

Richard Marquand's psychological thriller is about the efforts of a newspaper publisher to clear himself from suspicion of having murdered his wife. Opens Mar 14. Leicester Sq Theatre, WC2 (930 5252, cc 839 1759).

★★Kiss of the Spider Woman (15)

A touching, masterly performance by William Hurt as a homosexual locked up in a South American gaol with a political prisoner. To while away the time he describes episodes from the plot of a 1940s pro-Nazi movie. REVIEWED JAN, 1986.

Mr Love (15)

Comedy directed by Roy Battersby, with Barry Jackson as a north country gardener who meets a series of strange women during his search for true love.

★No Surrender (15)

Alan Bleasdale wrote & Peter Smith directed this brilliant black comedy of dissent between the Catholic & Protestant Irish in Liverpool, with two coach parties inadvertently sharing a night out at the same club. Michael Angels makes an impressive film début as the new manager.

★Out of Africa (PG)

Meryl Streep, Klaus Maria Brandauer & Robert Redford in Sydney Pollack's film based on the autobiography of Karen Blixen. Opens Mar 5. Empire, Leicester Sq, WC2 (437 1234). Mar 4, Royal charity première in the presence of the Prince & Princess of Wales, in aid of the African Medical Research Foundation. REVIEW ON P 73.

★★Police (15)

In Maurice Pialat's intricate thriller Gérard Depardieu is as excellent as ever as a fierce detective who falls in love with a girl he has thrown in gaol. His world is that of drug rings, whores, pimps & shady lawyers. The girl is superbly played by Sophie Marceau & the film is a fascinating study of ambiguous relationships. Opens Mar 20. Lumiere, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 0691, cc).

★★Ran (15)

Akira Kurosawa's epic version of *King Lear*, set in feudal Japan & filmed on the volcanic slopes of Mount Fuji. The battle scenes are among the most breathtaking ever filmed, with armies of warriors blackening the air with arrows & dying soldiers falling with their backs quilled like porcupines from the lethal shafts. It is a masterwork from a 75-year-old genius of the cinema. Opens Mar 7. Curzon West End, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (439 4805, cc); Screen-on-the-Hill, 230 Haverstock Hill, NW3 (435 3366).

Revolution (PG)

Despite serious deficiencies in the script, Hugh Hudson's film about the American Revolution impresses in its visual power. Superbly staged battle scenes, but disappointing performances from Al Pacino (as the plain man reluctantly drawn into eight years of fighting) & Donald Sutherland; Nastassja Kinski is good, but muted. REVIEWED FEB, 1986.

Shaker Run (15)

Bruce Morrison directs this film in which the theft of nuclear chemicals leads to a car chase across New Zealand. Opens Feb 28. Cannon Oxford St; ABC, Edgware Rd.

Teen Wolf (PG)

Michael J. Fox, the engaging hero of *Back to the Future*, reappears in this modest comedy with occasional laughs as a college student

whose ability to turn into a werewolf transforms his athletic performance.

White Nights (PG)

Mikhail Baryshnikov plays a Russian ballet dancer who, 20 years after defecting to the United States, finds himself back in the USSR after a plane crash. He becomes friendly with an American draft-dodger (Gregory Hines) & together they plan their return to the US. Opens Mar 21. Odeon, Leicester Sq, WC2 (930 6111). Mar 20, Royal Film Performance, in the presence of the Queen, in aid of the Cinema & Television Benevolent Fund.



★Young Sherlock Holmes (PG)

Nicholas Rowe (above) & Alan Cox play the celebrated detective & his loyal assistant in Barry Levinson's film purporting to tell of Holmes's early life. Opens Mar 14. Plaza, Lower Regent St, SW1 (437 1234); ABCs Bayswater, Edgware Rd, Fulham Rd; Classic, Oxford St, W1 (636 0310). REVIEW ON P 73.

Certificates

U = unrestricted.

PG = passed for general exhibition but parents are advised that the film contains material that they might prefer younger children not to see.

15 = no admittance under 15 years.

18 = no admittance under 18 years.

MUSIC

ALBERT HALL

Kensington Gore, SW7 (589 8212, cc 589 9465).

London Philharmonic Orchestra. Loris Tjeknavorian conducts Rachmaninov's Rhapsody on a theme of Paganini, Rimsky-Korsakov's Sheherazade & his own Othello ballet suite in a concert in aid of the Royal London Society for the Blind given on Mothering Sunday. Mar 9, 7.30pm.

BARBICAN

Silk St, EC2 (638 8891, 628 8795, cc).

Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra. Lukas Foss conducts Bruch's Violin Concerto No 1, with Nigel Kennedy as soloist, Beethoven's Symphony No 7 & music by Copland & Ives. Mar 3, 7.45pm.

Pavarotti Master Class. The great tenor coaches four young singers in operatic scenes & talks about his life in opera. Mar 4, 7.45pm.

English Chamber Orchestra. Jeffrey Tate conducts Schumann's Piano Concerto, with Maria João Pires as soloist, & Haydn's Symphony No 103. Mar 5, 7.45pm.

London Symphony Orchestra. Two concerts conducted by Eduardo Mata. Brahms's

Piano Concerto No 1, with John Lill as soloist, & Mussorgsky/Ravel's Pictures from an Exhibition. Mar 11, 7.45pm. Rodrigo's Concierto de Aranjuez, with John Williams as soloist, Debussy's Three Nocturnes & Ravel's La Valse. Mar 13, 7.45pm.

English Chamber Orchestra, Tallis Chamber Choir. Jeffrey Tate conducts Beethoven's Missa Solemnis. Mar 19, 7.30pm.

Amadeus Trio, Rodney Slatford, double bass, **Imogen Cooper,** piano. Mozart's Divertimento in E flat & Schubert's Trout Quintet, in aid of famine relief in Africa. Mar 25, 7.45pm.

Academy of Ancient Music & Choir. Christopher Hogwood conducts Bach's St John Passion, sung in German. Mar 28, 7pm.

CAMDEN FESTIVAL

Box office: Shaw Theatre, 100 Euston Rd, NW1 2AJ (388 1394, cc 387 6293).

Concerts of Medieval, Renaissance & Baroque music & choral works by Schubert, Haydn, Poulenc, Gounod, Dvořák, in Lincoln's Inn Old Hall, Gray's Inn Hall, Thomas Coram Foundation & some of the historic churches in Camden. Also international music with dance at the Shaw Theatre.

FESTIVAL HALL

South Bank, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

BBC Symphony Orchestra, Singers & Chorus. A whole day is devoted to Tippett's choral work *The Mask of Time*, starting with an open rehearsal at 10am, films in the afternoon, a talk by the composer at 6.15pm; Andrew Davis conducts the performance with Faye Robinson, soprano, Sarah Walker, mezzo-soprano, Robert Tear, tenor, John Cheek, bass. Mar 2, 7.30pm.

Philharmonia Orchestra. Carlo Maria Giulini conducts two performances of Franck's Symphony in D minor & Fauré's Requiem, with Kathleen Battle, soprano, & Renato Bruson, baritone. Mar 9, 11, 7.30pm.

Huddersfield Choral Society, Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Owain Arwel Hughes conducts Handel's Messiah, to mark the Society's 150th anniversary. Mar 10, 7.30pm.

BBC Symphony Orchestra & Singers. Peter Eötvös conducts the first performance of Birtwistle's *Earth Dances*, with works by Stravinsky & Zimmermann, in the Music of Eight Decades series. Mar 14, 7.30pm.

Bach Choir, English Chamber Orchestra. David Willcocks conducts two complete performances of Bach's St Matthew Passion, sung in English, with Robert Tear (Evangelist) & Rodney Macann (Christus). Mar 16, 23, 11am.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Two programmes conducted by Vladimir Ashkenazy. Sibelius & Rachmaninov. Mar 16, 7.30pm. Debussy & Berlioz, with Jessye Norman, soprano. Mar 19, 7.30pm.

London Philharmonic Orchestra. Three concerts conducted by Klaus Tennstedt. Mahler's Symphony No 6. Mar 18, 7.30pm. Stravinsky's Firebird & Orff's Catullus Carmina. Mar 23, 7.30pm. Liszt's Piano Concerto No 2 & Mahler's Symphony No 4. Mar 25, 7.30pm.

Philharmonia Orchestra. Andrew Davis continues the Elgar/Britten series. Elgar's The Apostles. Mar 24, 7.30pm. Britten's Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra & Elgar's Symphony No 2. Mar 27, 7.30pm. An all-Elgar programme, with Oscar Shumsky as soloist in the Violin Concerto. Mar 30, 7.30pm.



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drivers could have 60% more miles between services.

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THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE

MUSIC continued

QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL

South Bank, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

Borodin String Quartet. Continuing their series devoted to the complete string quartets of Shostakovich. Mar 2, 16, 23, 3pm. Mar 13, 20, 7.45pm.

Joaquín Rodrigo Festival: Bournemouth Sinfonietta. A celebration of the composer's 85th birthday, which will include first performances in Britain of a number of major works & the world première of *Cantico de San Francisco*, a choral setting of words by St Francis of Assisi. Soloists include Angel & Pepe Romero, guitars, Joaquín Achúcarro, piano, Agustín León Ara, violin, & Julian Lloyd Webber, cello; the conductor is Raymond Calcraft. Mar 3, 6, 10, 15, 7.45pm.

London Sinfonietta, BBC Singers. Esa-Pekka Salonen conducts the UK première of Tristan Murail's *Les Courants de l'espace* & the world première of Robert Saxton's *Chamber Symphony: Circles of Light*. Mar 5, 7.45pm. To mark his 60th birthday the composer Hans Werner Henze conducts the first complete London performance of his *Elegy for Young Lovers*, in a production by Michael Rennison. Mar 12, 7pm.

English Chamber Orchestra. Continuing the complete cycle of Mozart Piano Concertos, directed from the keyboard by Mitsuko Uchida. Nos 13 & 23. Mar 9, 7.15pm. Nos 12 & 24. Mar 25, 7.45pm.

Monteverdi Choir, English Baroque Soloists. John Eliot Gardiner conducts Bach's *St John Passion*, sung in German, with Anthony Rolfe Johnson (Evangelist) & Stephen Varcoc (Christus). Mar 16, 7.15pm.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC

Marylebone Rd, NW1 5HT. Free tickets from General Office. Send sae.

Penderecki Festival. Four days of concerts, master-classes & talks devoted to the Polish composer Krzysztof Penderecki, 21 of whose works will be performed by students of the RAM. The composer will conduct his *Canticum Canticorum*, *Strofy*, *Awakening of Jacob* & *Threnody*, dedicated to the victims of Hiroshima. Mar 3-6, 1.10pm & 7.30pm.

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE

Covent Garden WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, **Hartmut Höll**, piano. Schubert Lieder. Mar 16, 8pm.

Montserrat Caballé, soprano, **Miguel Zanetti**, piano. Vivaldi, Giordani, Paisiello, Gluck, Mercadante, Rossini & Spanish songs. Mar 23, 8pm.

STJOHN'S

Smith Sq, SW1 (222 1061).

Parley of Instruments. Music by Purcell & Riber under the direction of Peter Holman & Mark Caudle. Mar 4, 7.30pm.

Esterhazy Singers & Orchestra. Peter Broadbent conducts *The Creation* by Haydn, sung in German. Mar 12, 7.30pm.

Schütz Choir of London, Early Dance Project. An evening at the court of Mantua, including dancing, virtuoso singing & pastoral balletti, with dramatic madrigals by Monteverdi. Roger Norrington & Kay Lawrence direct the music & the dance, respectively. Mar 14, 7.30pm.

Parley of Instruments, Schola Cantorum of Oxford. Stephen Clarke conducts Monteverdi's *Vespers of 1610*. Mar 18, 7.30pm.

City of London Sinfonia, Holst Singers. Hilary Davan Wetton conducts Bach's *St John*



Thomas Hampson as Guglielmo, in his Albanian disguise, in Jonathan Miller's new television production of *Così fan tutte* to be transmitted simultaneously on BBC 2 and Radio 3 on March 31. REVIEW ON P75.

Passion, sung in English. Mar 20, 7.30pm.

Anner Bylsma, cello. Bach's *Cello Suites Nos 2, 4 & 6*. Mar 26, 7.30pm.

Gabrieli Consort & Players. Paul McCreesh directs Bach's *Mass in B minor*. Mar 30, 7.30pm.

ST MARYLEBONE PARISH CHURCH

Marylebone Rd, NW1. Box office: 73 High St, Old Oxted, Surrey RH8 9LN (088 33 7372).

London Bach Society, Steinitz Bach Players. Paul Steinitz conducts Bach's *St Matthew Passion* in its original German form, with Ian Partridge (Evangelist) & Peter Savidge (Christus). Mar 8, 2.30pm.

WIGMORE HALL

36 Wigmore St, W1 (935 2141, cc):

Bruno Leonardo Gelber, piano. Beethoven Sonatas. Mar 1, 7.30pm.

Sheila Armstrong, soprano; **John Shirley-Quirk**, baritone; **Martin Isepp**, piano. Mahler, *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*. Mar 5, 7.30pm.

Lynn Harrell, cello. Bach *Suites Nos 1, 5, 6*. Mar 15, 7.30pm.

Earl Wild, piano. Piano works & transcriptions by Liszt to mark the centenary of his death. Mar 19, 22, 26, 7.30pm.

Cathryn Pope, soprano; **Arthur Davies**, tenor; **Paul Wynne Griffiths**, piano. Arias & duets by Puccini, Verdi, Massenet, Bizet, Lehár. Part of the London International Opera Festival. Mar 30, 7.30pm.

OPERA

CAMDEN FESTIVAL

Box office: Shaw Theatre, 100 Euston Rd, NW1 2AJ (388 1394, cc 387 6293).

The Protagonist, The Czar has his Photograph Taken. Kurt Weill double bill, conducted by Antony Shelley. Bloomsbury Theatre, Gordon St, WC1. Mar 12-15.

La finta giardiniera. British première of Mozart's original score, presented by Park Lane Opera, conducted by Nicholas Cleobury. Bloomsbury Theatre. Mar 19, 21, 22.

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA

London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3161, cc 240 5258).

Madam Butterfly. With Magdalena Falewicz singing the title role & Rowland Sidwell as Pinkerton, in Graham Vick's searching pro-

duction. Mar 1, 4, 7, 19, 22, 27.

La Bohème. Valerie Masterson & Arthur Davies sing Mimì & Rodolfo, with Josephine Barstow & Jonathan Summers as Musetta & Marcello. Mar 5, 8, 13.

The Magic Flute. Jonathan Miller's production, with Benjamin Luxon as Papageno. Mar 6, 11, 14, 18, 20. REVIEW ON P75.

Parsifal. Reginald Goodall conducts a new production by Joachim Herz, with Warren Ellsworth as Parsifal, Anne Evans as Kundry, Gwynne Howell as Gurnemanz, Neil Howlett as Amfortas. Mar 15, 21, 25, 29.

KENT OPERA

Marlowe, Canterbury (0227 67246). Mar 19-22. Theatre Royal, Norwich (0603 28205). Mar 25-29.

The Coronation of Poppea. New production by Jonathan Hales, designed by Roger Butlin, conducted by Ivan Fischer.

La traviata. Revival of Jonathan Miller's production with Louisa Kennedy as Violetta & Patrick Power as Alfredo.

OPERA NORTH

Grand Theatre, Leeds (0532 459351/440971, cc). Mar 11-29.

Aida. New production designed & directed by Philip Prowse, conducted by David Lloyd-Jones, with Wilhelmenia Fernandez as Aida, Frederick Donaldson as Radames, Sally Burgess as Amneris.

The Girl of the Golden West. Mary Jane Johnson sings Minnie, Reuben Dominguez is Dick Johnson, Malcolm Donnelly is Jack Rance.

Intermezzo. John Cox's production, with 1920s designs by Martin Battersby.

ROYAL OPERA

Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

Il barbiere di Siviglia. Michael Hampe's production, with Mikael Melbye as Figaro, Kathleen Kuhlmann as Rosina & John Dickie as Almaviva. Mar 1, 4, 7, 10.

Il trovatore. With Rosalind Plowright as Leonora, Stefania Toczyska as Azucena, Franco Bonisolli as Manrico & Leo Nucci as di Luna; Giuseppe Patané conducts. Mar 3, 5, 8.

Der fliegende Holländer. New production by Mike Ashman, designed by David Fielding, conducted by Gerd Albrecht. The American bass Simon Estes makes his début in the title role, with Rosalind Plowright as Senta, Robert Lloyd as Daland, Siegfried Jerusalem as Erik. Mar 17, 21, 26, 29.

SCOTTISH OPERA

Theatre Royal, Glasgow (041-331 1234, cc 041-332 9000).

The Rise & Fall of the City of Mahagonny. Simon Rattle conducts a new production by David Alden. Mar 5, 8, 25, 27, 29 matinée.

Il trovatore.

Mar 6. King's Theatre, Edinburgh (031-229 1201, cc). Mar 11-15. His Majesty's Theatre, Aberdeen (0224 638080). Mar 18-22.

Mahagonny, Il trovatore, Werther.

WELSH NATIONAL OPERA

New Theatre, Cardiff (0222 32446, cc 0222 396130). Feb 26, 27, Mar 5-8. Hippodrome, Bristol (0272 299444, cc 0272 213362). Mar 18-22.

Così fan tutte. An attractive, ungimmicky production with Elaine Woods, Delia Wallis, Gordon Christie/Laurence Dale & Mark Holland. REVIEWED FEB. 1986.

Otello. Jeffrey Lawton as Otello, Helen Field as Desdemona, conducted by Richard Armstrong.

I Puritani. With Suzanne Murphy, Dennis O'Neill, Phillip Joll, Geoffrey Moses.

BALLET

ELECTRO-ACOUSTIC MUSIC ASSOCIATION (EMAS)

The Place, 17 Duke's Rd, WC1 (387 0031).

Two evenings of dance with four young choreographers. Mar 14, 15.

GREEN CANDLE DANCE COMPANY

Tricycle Theatre, 269 Kilburn High Rd, NW6 (328 8626).

Ubu! Fergus Early, with one other dancer & Jim Dvorak, the composer & musician, aims to make Alfred Jarry's satire about political power accessible (in particular) to children under 11 years of age. A reading from it precedes the performance. Part of the Camden Festival. Mar 15, 3pm.

LONDON CITY BALLET

Ashcroft Theatre, Croydon (688 9291).

Repertory. Includes *new work* by Rosamund Helliwell, danced to Vivaldi, Peter Darrell's *Othello*, danced to Liszt, Wayne Sleep's *Winding Road*, based on music by the Beatles, & Christopher Gable's *Coppélia*. Mar 17-22.

LONDON CONTEMPORARY DANCE THEATRE

Theatre Royal, Plymouth (0752 669595). Mar 4-8.

Shadows in the Sun/new work by Davies/Class; **Bridge the Distance/Moves/new work** by Cohan.

Gaumont, Doncaster (0302 62523). Mar 20-22.

Shadows in the Sun/Forest/Class.

Empire Theatre, Liverpool (051-709 1555). Mar 25-27.

Shadows in the Sun/Moves/new work by Cohan.

LONDON FESTIVAL BALLET

Theatre Royal, Nottingham (0602 472328, cc). Mar 3-8. Apollo, Oxford (0865 244544/5, cc). Mar 10-15.

Coppélia. In Ronald Hynd's production, the classic doll-ballet, with Delibes's delicious music, retains its charm. Theatre Royal, Bath (0225 65065). Mar 10-15.

LFB2, the company's small touring group (by no means a second eleven). Two programmes, including world première of a *Michael Clark ballet*, Nils Christie's *Necessarily So* & Schaufuss's *Dancers from Napoli*.

ROYAL BALLET

Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

Triple bill: *Frankenstein, the Modern Prometheus*, Wayne Eagling's showbizzy exploration of Mary Shelley's legend, danced to a score by Vangelis, which caused a schism among dance fans (critics were sniffy, audiences loved it)—but it is certainly different; *Consort Lessons*, back to classicism with Bintley's geometrics & Terry Bartlett's fine architectural set; *Gloria* to end the evening—surely one of MacMillan's finest works, a moving requiem for the doomed youth of the First World War, danced to Poulenc's inspired score. A finely balanced triple bill. Mar 6, 11, 15, 18.

La Fille Mal Gardée. Ashton's deservedly beloved piece of pastoral joy, danced in Osbert Lancaster's witty designs to Hérold's happy music. Mar 12, 20.

Giselle. Peter Wright's new production & John Macfarlane's interesting designs illuminate this Romantic classic. Mar 13, 14, 22, 24, 25.

SECOND STRIDE DANCE COMPANY

The Place, 17 Duke's Rd, WC1 (387 0031).

Bösendorfer Waltzes. Choreographer Ian Spink's new full-length work gets its London première here, as part of the Camden Festival. Bösendorfer is a make of piano, a German town & a word meaning village of evil people. The work is danced to systems music by Orlando Gough, scored for four pianos, two of them computerized pianolas. Mar 4-8.

MUSEUMS

BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM OF CHILDHOOD

Cambridge Heath Rd, E2 (980 2415).

American Dolls. More than 200 dolls produced in the US over the last 130 years show the range of the American doll industry. Accompanying texts explain the doll's place in American children's literature & games. Mar 12-June 8. Sat-Thurs 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

BRIGHTON MUSEUM & ART GALLERY

Church St, Brighton (0273 603005).

The China Trade 1600-1860. The early contacts between Britain & China led to a Chinese "export art" that often represented a subtle compromise between Chinese traditions & European ideas of shape & decoration—illustrated here in porcelain, silverware, furniture, textiles & painting. (See also Lectures, p 17). Until Apr 6. Tues-Sat 10am-5.45pm, Sun 2-5pm. Closed Mar 28.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Great Russell St, WC1 (636 1555).

The Human Touch—Sculpture of the Human Figure. The human form, represented by sculptures from the museum's collections, provides the theme for this "please touch" exhibition, specifically designed for the visually & physically handicapped. Tactile, visually & culturally interesting figures range from an Egyptian of the first millennium BC to a 20th-century Polynesian. Until Mar 16.

Halley's Comet in History. Observations by the Babylonians & others. Until May 5. Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. Closed Mar 28.

BURGH HOUSE

New End Sq, NW3 (431 0144).

Writers & Hampstead. Hampstead celebrates its millenium with an exhibition comprising writings about the area in prose & verse, including extracts from the Domesday Book, Dickens & Michael Foot. Mar 8-Apr 27. Wed-Sun noon-5pm.

BURGHLEY HOUSE

Stamford, Lincs (0780 52451).

The Gentleman Collector. The collector in question, Henry Cecil, 10th Earl & 1st Marquess of Exeter (1754-1804), had a penchant for scientific instruments & other inventions. His remarkable assemblage of gadgetry, which includes a copying machine invented by Sir Marc Isambard Brunel & the Newton Horse/Hound Measure, goes on show when Burghley reopens after the winter recess. £2.90, concessions £1.60 (includes house & exhibition). Mar 28-Oct 5. Daily 11am-5pm (Mar 28 2-5pm).

IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM

Lambeth Rd, SE1 (735 8922).

To the Kwai—and Back: War Drawings 1939-45 by Ronald Searle. Searle's sketches of his experiences as a Japanese prisoner of war between 1942 & 45 provide a moving record of the war in the Far East & include his time spent on the Burma-Siam railway. Mar 6-July 6.

Friends & Foes: Wartime Portraits by

Dame Laura Knight RA (1877-1970).

Dame Laura's record of servicemen & women & civilians at work during the Second World War, & at the Nuremberg Trials in Germany. Feb 22-July 20.

The Second World War. This concluding part of a long-term exhibition covering the two world wars shows military & civilian aspects of the last war. Opens Mar 27.

Voluntary admission, suggested £1, concessions 50p. Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5.50pm. Closed Mar 28.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6371).

Characters in Cloth: Textile Portraits. A recently completed embroidered portrait of Sir Roy Strong by Polly Hope, placed alongside textile portraits of Napoleon, Queen Victoria & others, is shown in the context of a long tradition of textile portraiture. Until Aug 31.

Chess in Art & Society. Computer technology—a monitor giving a continuous programme of famous chess games—brings up to date this show which traces the history of chess from the 13th century. Mar 5-June 1.

Voluntary admission, suggested £2, concessions 50p. Sat-Thurs 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm.

GALLERIES

ALPINE GALLERY

74 South Audley St, W1 (inquiries: 602 1782).

Early 19th-Century & Modern British Watercolours. A show devised by dealer Caroline Stroude that mixes watercolours of Old Watercolour Society vintage—Varley, Cox, de Wint—with post 1900s: Laura Knight, Albert Rutherston & contemporary John Ward. Prices from £100. Mar 17-22.

Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat until 2pm.

BARBICAN ART GALLERY

Silk St, EC2 (638 4141).

Art & Time. Theme exhibition with 150 works selected for their sense of movement & time: Surrealist paintings by Magritte & Dali alongside photographs by Muybridge, & a 24-screen video installation devised by Ira Schneider showing simultaneous events around the world. Until Apr 27. £1.50, concessions 75p. Tues-Sat 10am-6.45pm, Sun, Mar 28, 31, noon-5.45pm.

P. & D. COLNAGHI

14 Old Bond St, W1 (491 7408).

British Portraits 1625-1850. A selection by such artists as George Romney, Sir Joshua Reynolds & Sir Peter Lely. Until Mar 27. Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat until 1pm.

DESIGN CENTRE

28 Haymarket, SW1 (839 8000).

1986 Design Council Awards. A first inclusion for computer software. Feb 26-Apr 1.

HMSO at the Design Centre. A bicentenary exhibition for Her Majesty's Stationery Office showing the role of technology & design in the production of Hansard & other areas of HMSO's work. Mar 3-Apr 9.

Mon, Tues 10am-6pm, Wed-Sat until 8pm, Sun 1-6pm. Closed Mar 28, 31.

FISCHER FINE ART

30 King St, SW1 (839 3942).

John Bellany: New Paintings. See also National Portrait Gallery, below. Feb 26-Mar 27. Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm.

GRABOWSKI GALLERY TWO

84 Sloane Ave, SW3 (589 1868).

Stefan Knapp. Abstract fantasies & architectural enamels by the designer of the exterior panels on Heathrow's Terminal 3, exhibited in a gallery-cum-wine bar just reopened by the son of its founder. Until Nov 30. Daily 11am-11pm.



The National Portrait Gallery follows up its recent unveiling of a portrait of cricketer Ian Botham with an exhibition devoted to the Scottish artist who painted it, John Bellany. Included is his *Antipodean Self Portrait*, above. Bellany, a joint winner of last year's Athena International Art Award, also shows new paintings at Fischer Fine Art.

MARTYN GREGORY

34 Bury St, SW1 (839 3731).

Tingqua's China. Tingqua was a Chinese artist who worked in Canton in the mid 19th century. He painted topographical views, exotic gardens, flowers & fruit, Chinese furniture & porcelain. These 90 gouache paintings were taken from an album of the kind commissioned by Hong Kong's resident merchants or visiting sea captains & naval officers. Mar 3-22. Mon-Fri 9.30am-6pm.

INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ARTS

The Mall, SW1 (930 3647).

New Contemporaries. Annual showcase for current student art. Mar 11-Apr 6. 60p. Daily noon-9pm.

JUDA ROWAN GALLERY

11 Tottenham Mews, W1 (637 5517).

Alan Reynolds. Relief constructions & drawings by the former landscapist. Mar 6-Apr 12. Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat until 1pm. Closed Mar 27-31.

MAYOR GALLERY

22a Cork St, W1 (734 3558).

British Surrealism. Paintings & sculpture by artists who took part in the famous Surrealist exhibition in London 50 years ago, including Paul Nash, Henry Moore, F. E. McWilliam, Julian Trevelyan, Eileen Agar. Mar 15-end of Apr. Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat until 1pm. Closed Mar 28-31.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

St Martin's Place, WC2 (930 1552).

John Bellany: New Portraits. Centrepiece is a NPG-commissioned portrait of cricketer Ian Botham, presented as folk hero. Feb 21-May 18. Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat until 6pm, Sun 2-6pm. Closed Mar 28.

NATIONAL THEATRE

South Bank, SE1 (633 0880).

Eisenstaedt & Company. The first big London retrospective of a pioneer of expository photography, Alfred Eisenstaedt, now 87. Some 100 images show his work as portraitist & photojournalist. Until Mar 22. Mon-Sat 10am-11pm.

NEW GRAFTON GALLERY

49 Church Rd, Barnes, SW13 (748 8850).

Hitchens & Heron. Ivon Hitchens (1893-1979), painter of lyrical landscapes, & Patrick Heron (b 1920), the St Ives abstractionist. Feb 26-Apr 4. Tues-Sat 10am-5.30pm. Closed Mar 28, 29.

REDFERN GALLERY

20 Cork St, W1 (734 1732).

Modern British Artists. Handsome selection of works by Henry Moore, Graham Sutherland, Keith Vaughan, Prunella Clough & others. Feb 23-Mar 26. Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Sat until 1pm.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS

Burlington House, Piccadilly, W1 (734 9052).

Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723-92). A major survey of the work of the Royal Academy's first president whose success as a portraitist in his own time lay partly in the fact that he "reformed" his sitters, painting them as he believed they should be, rather than as they were. Until Mar 31. £3, concessions & everybody on Sun until 1.45pm £2, children £1.50. **FEATURED JAN, 1986**

Eduardo Paolozzi Underground. Paolozzi's drawings & completed designs for 995 square metres of Tottenham Court Road Underground Station. Until Mar 23. £1.50, £1, 75p; combined ticket inclusive of Reynolds exhibition £4, £2.70, £2.

Alfred Gilbert: Sculptor of Eros. An exploration of this long-neglected



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GALLERIES continued

sculptor's work reveals the Shaftesbury Memorial in Piccadilly Circus to be only one of many masterpieces of a gifted carver, bronze-caster & goldsmith. Mar 21-June 29. £2.50, £1.70, £1.25. **FEATURE NEXT MONTH** TATE 10am-6pm. Closed Mar 28.

TATE GALLERY

Millbank, SW1 (821 1313).

Forty Years of Modern Art 1945-85. The changing face of art since the war is represented by 350 works from the gallery's collection selected by retiring Keeper of the Modern Collection, Ronald Alley. Until Apr 27.

David Hockney: Lithographs. The results of a year's work in New York. Mar 26-May 11. Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5.50pm. Closed Mar 28.

WADDINGTON GALLERIES

2 & 34 Cork St, W1 (437 8611).

Donald Judd. Wall sculptures by the leading American exponent of minimal art. Mar 5-29. Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat until 1pm.

WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY

Whitechapel High St, E1 (377 0107).

The Painter-Sculptor in the 20th Century. Much of this century's best sculpture is by famous painters like Degas, Matisse & Picasso. American artists are also represented. Mar 7-Apr 27. £2, concessions £1. Tues-Sun 11am-5pm, Wed until 8pm (free admission Wed 3-8pm). Closed Mar 28.

LECTURES

DILETTANTI

44 Paddenswick Rd, W6 (inquiries 8.30-9.30am: 749 7096).

The China Trade 1600-1860/Brighton Pavilion. Evening lectures on *The vision of Cathay—the China trade in England & The new pavilion at Brighton* at the Brompton Library (Mar 21, 6.45pm) prepare the ground for a visit to the China Trade exhibition at the Brighton Museum (see Museums, p15) & private tour of the Brighton Pavilion, with its Chinese export art furnishings (Mar 22, 8.45am start). Tickets £20. Include sae with all applications.

MUSEUM OF LONDON

London Wall, EC2 (600 3699).

From front of house to back of stage. The curtain goes up, Wednesdays & Fridays, 1.10pm, on various aspects of London's theatre history: *The court masque* (Rosemary Linnell, Feb 26); *Sarah Siddons* (Wendy Nelson-Cave, Feb 28); *60 portraits of David Garrick* (Iain MacKintosh, Mar 5); *Passions & gestures on the 18th-century stage* (Geoffrey Ashton, Mar 7); *Henry Irving's management of the Lyceum Theatre* (John Pick, Mar 12); *British theatrical patents* (Terence Rees, Mar 14); *Colonel Gouraud's phonogrammic cabinet—the rediscovery of a Victorian sound archive* (Bennett Maxwell, Mar 19); *Discomfort, danger & death—the painful history of theatre regulations* (John Earle, Mar 21).

POETRY SOCIETY

21 Earls Court Sq, SW5 (373 2551).

Hamlet. Peter Reynolds, Lecturer in Drama at the Roehampton Institute & author of *Text into Performance*, published by Penguin Feb 27, puts forward that *Hamlet* on the page is incomplete without the added dimension of performance. Mar 18, 7.30pm. Tickets £2, in advance from the Education Officer (advisable to book early).

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6371).

The dandy manner. Study day devoted to all aspects, attitudes & poses of dandyism from 18th century to present day. Lectures that include Stephen Jones on *George Brummell—the most social revolutionary* & Sir Roy Strong on *Dedicated followers of fashion—the 60s*. Mar 17, 10.30am-4.30pm. Admission by ticket, on request with sae, from Angela Thurgood, Education Department.

SALEROOMS

BONHAMS

Montpelier St, SW7 (584 9161).

Decorative arts. A large ovoid Sèvres vase & cover, 1937, with exotic tropical landscape painted in low relief by Anne-Marie Fontaine, & estimated at more than £2,000, is up for sale alongside Doulton jugs, ranging from £25 to £200. Mar 7, 11am.

Selected watercolours. A stylized drawing of Kings David & Melchisedek, 1865, by Burne-Jones for the design of a stained-glass window in St John's, Torquay, is one of the select items. Mar 19, 11am.

CHRISTIE'S

8 King St, St James's, SW1 (839 9060).

Meinertzhagen Collection of Fulda porcelain. Wares, figures & groups produced by the short-lived factory at Fulda (1765-90), the 54 lots represent the largest single collection of Fulda porcelain outside West Germany. Mar 3, 11am.

H. M. Stanley memorabilia. Put up for sale by the grandson of Henry Morton Stanley



Diamond-studded miniature presented to Stanley by Queen Victoria. Christie's estimate is £10,000.

(1841-1904) are the explorer's royal presentation pieces including from Queen Victoria a jewelled miniature of herself, plus numerous geographical societies' awards. Mar 25, 11am.

CHRISTIE'S SOUTH KENSINGTON

85 Old Brompton Rd, SW7 (581 2231).

Fine textiles. An Elizabethan Lord Chancellor's embroidered burse—the ceremonial purse he used for carrying the Great Seal—is thought to have once belonged to Horace Walpole's collection at Strawberry Hill. Mar 11, 2pm.

PHILLIPS

7 Blenheim St, W1 (629 6602).

National Theatre costumes. Gowns worn

by Joan Plowright in *Three Sisters* & Maggie Smith in *Othello*, tweed doublets & breeches worn in *Macbeth*, & animal & bird suits from *Hiawatha* are among 1,000 items, dating back to the mid 1960s, from the National Theatre's costume collection to be auctioned at the Lyttelton Theatre, South Bank, SE1. Mar 9, 6pm.

SOTHEBY'S

34/35 New Bond St, W1 (493 8080).

Orders, medals & decorations. Highlighted by a collection of medals, 1800 to end of First World War, the sale includes a VC awarded to Sir George White (1835-1912), hero at Ladysmith. Mar 6, 10.30am & 2pm.

British paintings 1500-1850. Timely inclusion of a Reynolds: *Simplicity—Portrait of Miss Theophila Gwatkin*. Sold in 1905 for 2,100 guineas & in 1920 for 651 guineas, its estimate today is £150,000 or more. Mar 12, 11am.

Jewels. Includes a mid 19th-century turquoise & diamond necklace with matching earrings & brooch that reputedly belonged to Empress Eugénie of France. Mar 13, 10.30am.

British watercolours & drawings. Strong representation for Thomas Shutter Boys (1803-74), with views by the artist of Paris, Shrewsbury & Jersey. Mar 13, 11am.

The late Sir Charles Clore's portrait miniatures. Valued at £1 million, the 400—mainly Continental—miniatures are to be sold in two parts. Organized alphabetically, this first sale features artists Augustin, Aubry, Bouton & others. Mar 17, 11am.

Musical instruments. An American collection includes violins by Guarneri del Gesù (c 1741) & Stradavari (1717), at estimated prices in six figures. Mar 19, 10.30am & 2.30pm.

Tribal art. Includes a female figure in wood, discovered by a Northumberland farmer among household rubbish, that has been identified as 18th-century Fijian, one of only five known pieces. Mar 24, 11am.

SPORT

CANOEING

Devizes to Westminster race, finish Westminster, SW1. Mar 28-31. Seniors arrive Mar 29, 7-9am, juniors Mar 31, 7-9am.

Since crews from the Services began to dominate this once almost lyrical & pastoral Easter event, the record has been cut down with staggering ruthlessness. When the race was first held in 1948, the winners' time was some few minutes under 90 hours for the 125 miles of canal (Kennet & Avon) & River Thames (from Reading). Now any crew would consider it a disgrace to take more than 19 hours.

CRICKET

West Indies v England, Second Test, Trinidad, Mar 7-12; Third Test, Barbados, Mar 21-26.

The England tour to the Caribbean islands was in doubt through the winter because of political pressures which centred on the objections by Trinidad trade unionists to members of the England team with South African "connexions", so the Second Test is bound to be a flashpoint for any demonstrations. Assuming the cricket is allowed to continue, England's demon all-rounder, Ian Botham, is likely this month to be approaching Dennis Lillee's all-time record tally for Test wickets. Botham needs a successful

series against the West Indians to prove he really is a great cricketer; he has a batting average of only 22 in 26 Test innings & a tally of 47 wickets at an expensive 32 runs apiece against the relentless islanders.

The BBC broadcasts live coverage on Radio 3 of the first two sessions of each day's play from 2.30 to 7.10pm GMT. Commentators are Christopher Martin-Jenkins, Henry Blofeld & West Indian Tony Cozier.

DARTS

Scotland v England, Playhouse Theatre, Edinburgh. Mar 2.

England v Wales, Guildhall, Preston, Lancs. Mar 16.

Nations' Cup, Alexandra Palace, N22. Mar 22.

Are the modern taproom archers of Britain changing their image? Are they moving into the lounge bar? Where have all the nicotine fingers gone? And the pot bellies? With television coverage, the sponsors have moved in, & the great sweaty hulks of a few years ago are fast being replaced by cuter, neatly-coiffed, clean-shaven, streetwise little fellows with trim uniforms & manicured fingernails. Is it the end of an era?

HORSE RACING

Waterford Crystal Hurdle, Cheltenham. Mar 11.

Sun Alliance Steeplechase, Queen Mother Champion Steeplechase, Cheltenham. Mar 12.

Tote Cheltenham Gold Cup, Daily Express Triumph Hurdle, Cheltenham. Mar 13.

For those in the sport itself the Cheltenham Festival, rather than next month's Grand National, is the National Hunt season's curtain-call.

ROWING

Head of the River Race, Mortlake, SW14 to Putney, SW15. Mar 22, 2.15pm.

University Boat Race, Oxford v Cambridge, Putney to Mortlake. Mar 29, 3.15pm.

RUGBY UNION

Wales v France, Cardiff. Mar 1.

Save & Prosper International: England v Ireland, Twickenham. Mar 1.

France v England, Paris. Mar 15.

Ireland v Scotland, Dublin. Mar 15.

TENNIS

Davis Cup, World Group first round: Great Britain v Spain (men's team competition), Telford, Salop. Mar 7-9.

A record 71 nations competing this year, with prize money totalling £1,210,000.

CHILDREN

GEFFRYE MUSEUM

Kingsland Rd, E2 (739 9893).

Victoriana—pastimes & toys. The Victorians were fond of making elaborate objects such as birds from sea shells. These sessions, intended as an introduction to items in the museum's collection & related subjects, explain why they were made, what they were for & where you can pick them up. Mar 1, 8.15.22 (children 10am-12.30pm, families 2-4pm).

Contributors: Angela Bird, Margaret Davies, Liz Falla, Frank Keating, Edward Lucie-Smith, George Perry, Ursula Robertshaw, J. C. Trewin, Penny Watts-Russell. Information is correct at time of going to press. Add 01- in front of London telephone numbers if calling from outside the capital.

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WHEN THE GOING GETS TOUGH

The next election in the United Kingdom need not be held for more than two years, and it is only the politicians and the commentators sharing the hothouse atmosphere of Westminster who are already getting excited about it. For most of the country the prospect of two years of electioneering is depressing, and certainly of less immediate concern than the problems of trying to get to and from work when roads have not been adequately salted or when the points on the rails round Clapham Junction have iced up, as they seem to every winter to the surprise of the railway authorities and the fury of commuters. The fact that the royal train also suffered a series of seemingly interminable delays on its journey from King's Lynn to London will have brought no comfort, though the sight of the Queen's bacon and eggs being carried along the platform because someone had lost the corridor key must have been memorable.

The extra newspaper reading time that the Queen and many of her people have been involuntarily afforded during the last month will have confirmed that the Government they (the people, not Her Majesty) elected with a thumping majority less than three years ago has been beset by rather more than minor difficulties. The saga of Westland, a financially embarrassed British helicopter firm seeking international rescue, brought about the departure of two Cabinet Ministers—one, Defence Secretary Michael Heseltine, because he thought the wrong decision (to allow a bid for the company by Sikorsky-Fiat) was being forced on the Cabinet without proper discussion and consideration, and the other, Trade and Industry Secretary Leon Brittan, because he misled the House of Commons and authorized the leak of a letter from the Solicitor-General, Sir Patrick Mayhew, designed to damage the Heseltine case for a European deal for Westland. Though the Government ultimately received overwhelming support in the House of Commons in what amounted to a vote of confidence, there was no doubt that the inept handling of what ought to have been a very minor issue had seriously damaged its authority and that of the Prime Minister.

In political history it has often been such minor matters that have come to be regarded as the moment when a Government and its Prime Minister lost their grip on affairs. It was so in Harold Macmillan's second Administration. Last month Margaret Thatcher overtook Mr Macmillan's length of tenure in Downing Street, but it is too soon to know whether the Westland affair will come to be regarded as the start of the decline of her administration in the way the Profumo affair was in Mr Macmillan's.

The immediate aftermath of Westland suggests



PHILIP JACKSON

that there has been some loss of confidence in the heart of Mrs Thatcher's Government. The evidence for this comes not so much from the political panic that has led to the jockeying for position among some Conservatives who regard themselves as possible successors to Mrs Thatcher, as from the hurried reversal of policy in the case of British Leyland. The Government revealed in early February that negotiations were going on between Ford and Austin Rover, and between General Motors and the Leyland truck and Land-Rover divisions. Answering questions in the House of Commons Mrs Thatcher made clear that the Government's aim was to create an internationally competitive company. The taxpayer had already put more than £2,000 million into British Leyland, with another £1,500 million guaranteed, and this had to stop. Two days later the Cabinet met and, in the wake of some bitter criticism from the parliamentary opposition and from some backbench Conservative MPs, decided to abandon the Ford option.

It may have been politically expedient, as Mrs Thatcher's Cabinet colleagues evidently thought, but

it leaves British Leyland as a continuing drain on the taxpayer, and raises doubts on the nature of Mrs Thatcher's Government during the second half of its second term. Contrary to popular belief, and the reputation which she has perhaps herself encouraged, Mrs Thatcher as Prime Minister has been governing more by persuasion rather than dictation. She has not been able to force through the abolition of rates, which she believes in and which has a good deal of popular support, nor has she cut back public spending in the drastic way she would like.

But she has changed attitudes, and it is ironic that in the month when her Government has been floundering there has been taking place the clearest example of this since the collapse of the miners' strike—the successful withdrawal of Rupert Murdoch's newspapers from the stranglehold of established Fleet Street customs and practice. The Prime Minister's persuasive powers are based on her own convictions and on clearly expressed policies and objectives. There is still a need for these, and perhaps, if Mrs Thatcher toughs it out, even the trains will begin to run on time.

ADEN:

THE AMBASSADOR'S STORY

By Peter H. Smith

Arthur Marshall had barely arrived, with his wife, to take up his post as British Ambassador to the People's Democratic Republic of Yemen when a bloody *coup* took place in Aden, its capital. Precisely what happened in 10 or more days of inter-tribal fighting remains unclear, but reports suggest that the relatively pragmatic marxist approach of the ousted President Ali Nasr Mohammed has been replaced by a harder marxist line. The ambassador describes the dangerous days preceding the evacuation of some 9,000 foreigners, from Aden to Djibouti.

There had been something instantly charming about Aden when we had landed nine days earlier, something friendly about the old airport building, even in the middle of the night, hanging around in the confusion, waiting for our luggage to emerge. Everyone was so friendly...

Round about 11am on Monday, January 13 people began phoning in with reports of shooting in the port area and it was not long before we were able to hear the shots for ourselves. Most of the foreign embassies are in Khormaksar district, the neck of land which, Gibraltar-style, connects the dramatically rocky Aden peninsula with the mainland; and this is why the embassies very soon found themselves in the thick of the battle as armoured rebel forces from the north clashed with government troops in their bid to take over the peninsula.

My wife had reported "pretty bad" fighting near the Residence. A lull enabled me to join her at lunchtime. The noise of fighting resumed and

towards late afternoon the sounds of heavy tanks positioning themselves outside the Residence indicated that we were in the front line of a battle whose fury unleashed itself and raged unabated for 36 hours. The tanks were only 20 yards away and the continual roar of their guns sent us huddling together for protection, hiding our heads under a barrage of pillows and cushions as we awaited the inevitable response from rockets, bazookas and sniper fire. With so many windows around us the only part of the Residence that seemed safe was a little bit of the upstairs corridor just big enough for us both to squeeze into; although we revised our opinion when a rocket secured a direct hit on one of the tanks which blew up into smithereens and brought the ceiling down on top of us.

So we moved downstairs and built a bunker for ourselves underneath the dining table with a barricade of furniture to protect us from flying glass. There we spent our second night to the sound of war and shattering window panes. Similar stories

can be told by our many diplomatic colleagues living in the area and our courageous British community whose morale was simply splendid. Mercifully the telephone system continued to function throughout and we were able to keep in contact. Most of us however were without water or electricity which placed a limit on our capacity to survive. Fortunately a lull in the fighting on the Wednesday morning enabled our gallant Security Officer, Peter White, to come with the Land Rover and rescue Annette, wife of our Communications Officer trapped all alone since the start further along the road, and then take us to safety.

For the rest of the week we all took cover in the British Embassy, an experience of comradeship which I shall never forget. My staff were in excellent spirits and carried on a round-the-clock communications service, both by telephone with the expatriate community who were feeding us with information or receiving information from us, and by radio with London.

By this time we could see that life was fast becoming untenable and so, in consultation with the Soviet and French Ambassadors, we put together an evacuation plan involving ships of all three nations and including the royal yacht *Britannia*, HMS *Newcastle*, *Jupiter* and *Hydra*, the Royal Fleet Auxiliary *Brambleleaf*, and the Cunard vessel *Diamond Princess*.

I was on the beach on the Friday evening among the masses of people gazing expectantly out to sea, and I shared their thrill as they sighted the white ensigns flying proudly from the ships' boats approaching the shore. The swell made operations difficult both for our boats and for those from the five Russian merchantmen anchored off shore, and the operation, begun at 5pm, went on until after midnight. The Soviet Embassy had negotiated a somewhat fragile ceasefire to enable the evacuation to take place on what had until a short time before been a battleground. The following morning only the *Britannia* was on the scene, and when her boats came ashore to resume the evacuation there were ominous signs of the war beginning to erupt once more. Subsequently the boats came under fire and shrapnel was falling in the water close by, so the royal yacht ordered her evacuation craft to withdraw for safety, intending to resume the rescue operation as soon as conditions permitted.

From that point onwards, however, the Royal Navy under the direction of the Flag Officer Royal Yachts, Admiral John Garner, put together a highly professional rescue plan to which we from the Embassy contributed our local knowledge of people and places. Suffice it to say that, in liaison with the French and the Russians, the Royal Navy was able to rescue a very large number of people of more than 50 nationalities.



PETER H. SMITH



A British sailor, left, brings a young girl ashore at Djibouti from the royal yacht *Britannia*; above, civilians on the beach at Aden being marshalled for evacuation; right, a burnt-out tank outside the British ambassador's residence; far right, smoke rises from Aden as the evacuees leave.



PETER H. SMITH



PETER H. SMITH

PETER H. SMITH



BIRTH OF AN ISLAND



Not far from the Japanese island of Iwo Jima, scene of a fierce Second World War battle, a new lava islet has appeared. It was thrown up by an eruption of the underwater volcano Fukuto Kuokanoba, situated 1,250 kilometres south of Tokyo. When photographed the infant island measured some 450 by 650 metres and rose about 12 metres above sea level. Its survival will depend on its resistance to the onslaughts of the Pacific Ocean: two similar islets which emerged earlier this century succumbed after three or four years.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JMSDF/GAMMA

SKI BURST

After criss-crossing Europe the World Cup ski circuit moves to the United States and Canada this month for the final stages of the annual downhill and slalom competitions. Meanwhile, freestyle skiers have held their first World Championship.



Swedish slalom skier Lars Nilsson, left, cuts a dash in the first World Cup downhill event of the season at Val d'Isère where Britain's Martin Bell, above, also embarked on what is proving to be his best year of international competition.

Downhill racers







DAVID HIGGS

Freestyle skiing—the youngest and most acrobatic of winter sports—has come of age with the holding of the first World Championship at the French ski resort of Tignes from February 1 to 7, in which competitors from 22 countries took part. From its origins in the United States in the early 1970s, when it was called hot-dogging, this artistic, amateur and often dangerous activity is now on its way to becoming an official Olympic event. It will be included as a demonstration sport in the 15th Winter Olympics in Calgary, Canada, to be held in 1988.

There are three complementary events in freestyle skiing: ballet, moguls and, most dramatic of all, aerials. Each requires separate skills and is judged separately. The overall winners at Tignes and the first world champion freestyle skiers were Alain Laroche of Canada and Konny Kissling of Switzerland. British competitors were successful, with Jilly Curry placed fifth among the women, and Robin Wallace taking sixth place and Mike Whealey eighth in the men's combined event.

The aerial event requires considerable gymnastic skills with the skier becoming airborne from a steep ramp called a "kicker" and executing complicated somersaults and

twists 10 to 15 metres above the ground. Competitors' terminology for the manoeuvres can be confusing with references to wheelies, space-walks, kickouts, tip rolls, doughnuts, killer kicks, spread eagles, layouts and double helicopters. An inverted mule kick, for instance, involves getting the back of your skis to rest on the back of your head while travelling upside down. Serious injuries do occur and accidents have resulted in permanent paralysis.

The ballet, which resembles figure skating on skis instead of skates, is performed on an even and gently inclined slope 250 metres long to music selected by each competitor and broadcast over the slopes. It is graceful and popular with spectators.

The mogul event combines the skills of the other events with downhill speed. The skier must perform two compulsory jumps in the course of a steeply angled, extremely bumpy 250 metres descent and can perform additional tricks *en route*.

The precise way in which each performance is judged and marked is still a source of mystery to some spectators. But, like the synchronized swimming which fascinated audiences during the last Olympic Games, freestyle skiing has now won its way on to a world stage.



ALLSPORT/ANDY TAI

Aerial manoeuvres above Tignes preparatory to the first World Championships. Jim Kleinert of USA, left, and Finn Jossi Mattila top, perform aerials. André Haase of France, above, in the mogul event.

Acrobats on skis

FOR THE RECORD

MARCH 86

Monday, January 13

An attempted *coup* in South Yemen prompted fierce fighting in Aden, the capital, as rival factions in the marxist government battled for control.

The British cargo ship *Barber Perseus*, bound for Kuwait, was stopped and searched by Iranian naval units outside Iranian waters off Oman.

Tuesday, January 14

Sir Patrick Neill, Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University, was appointed to head a government inquiry into the regulation of Lloyd's insurance market.

Wednesday, January 15

The Government had a majority of 153 at the end of a debate in the House of Commons about the Westland helicopter deal. Michael Heseltine, who had resigned over the issue on January 9, alleged that the Government had promoted the US-backed Sikorsky-Fiat bid. The Prime Minister and Leon Brittan, Secretary of State for Trade and Industry, maintained that the Government had been even-handed in its approach.

Thursday, January 16

At the nuclear arms control talks in Geneva the Soviet Union proposed that all US and Soviet missiles be removed from Europe as a first stage in a 15-year plan to free the world of nuclear weapons.

The British Government published its Airports Bill designed to privatize the British Airports Authority by turning it into a company whose shares would be offered to the public.

Friday, January 17

Boats from the royal yacht *Britannia*

helped to evacuate Britons and other foreign nationals stranded in the fighting between rival marxist factions in Aden. The rescue operations were carried out in co-operation with the Soviet Union, whose vessels also took part in the evacuation.

Shareholders of Westland Helicopters, meeting at the Albert Hall, failed to approve the board's proposed rescue bid by Sikorsky-Fiat. They voted in favour by 65 per cent, but a 75 per cent vote was required.

Sunday, January 19

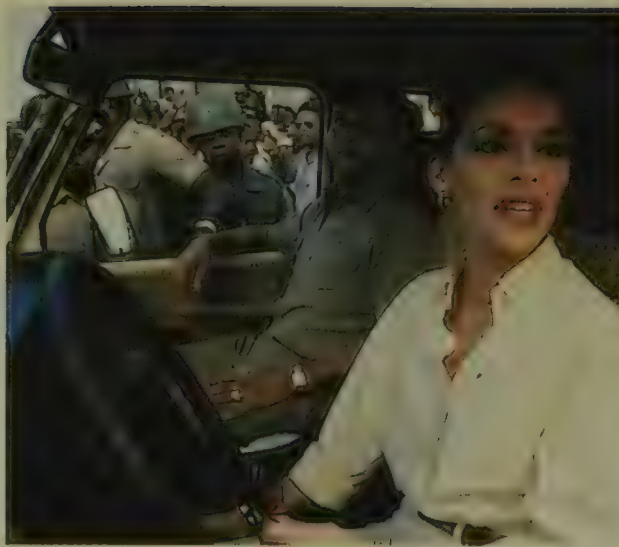
Finance ministers and governors of central banks of Britain, West Germany, France, Japan and USA, after meeting in London for two days, said they were satisfied with progress made on cutting the value of the dollar, but failed to agree on measures to reduce interest rates.

Monday, January 20

Britain and France agreed to the building of a rail tunnel to link the two countries under the Channel. The decision, announced by Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher and President Mitterrand at Lille, gave the concession to the Channel Tunnel Group and its French partner, France-Manche, who would begin construction in 1987 and plan to have the tunnel operational by 1993. A road tunnel would be added later.

Tuesday, January 21

The Danish parliament rejected proposed reforms of the European Economic Community. The reforms, which included streamlining of decision-making and greater involvement of the



TORREGIANO/SIPA PRESS

After weeks of violent demonstrations against his dictatorial régime Jean-Claude Duvalier, known as Baby Doc, who became President for life of Haiti following the death of his father in 1971, fled the country on February 7 with his wife.

European Parliament in EEC legislation, were negotiated by community heads of government in December, but required approval by all 12 national parliaments before the amendments to the Treaty of Rome could come into effect.

Farley Health Products, a subsidiary of Glaxo which lost about £4 million after an outbreak of salmonella had been traced to some of its baby milk products, announced that it was going into voluntary liquidation.

Some 25 people were killed and 125 injured when a car bomb exploded in the Christian area of Beirut.

The print unions Sogat 82 and the National Graphic Association voted in secret ballots in favour of industrial action against News International—publishers of *The Times* and *The Sunday Times*, *The Sun* and *News of the World*—unless the company negotiated terms for its new printing plant at Wapping in east London.

Wednesday, January 22

During an official visit to London Shimon Peres, Israel's prime minister, repeated an appeal to Jordan for direct negotiations on a peace treaty between the two countries.

David Mitchell, Under-Secretary at the Department of Transport, was promoted to Minister of State. His post as Under-Secretary was filled by Peter Bottomley, formerly at the Department of Employment.

Thursday, January 23

The Prime Minister, in a statement to the House of Commons, revealed that a letter from the Solicitor-General to Michael Heseltine had been leaked to the Press on the authority of Leon Brittan, Secretary of State for Trade and Industry, and with the knowledge of the Prime Minister's office though not of Mrs Thatcher herself.

Oil prices dropped by up to \$1.50 a barrel following the failure of producers

to reach agreements on limiting production.

Friday, January 24

Leon Brittan resigned his office on the grounds that, following the Prime Minister's statement of January 23, he could "no longer command the full confidence" of his colleagues. He was succeeded by Paul Channon, the Minister for Trade, who was in turn succeeded by Alan Clark, former Under Secretary at the Department of Employment.

Leaders of five teachers' unions agreed to an improved pay offer of 8.5 per cent, but it was condemned by the National Union of Teachers.

Saturday, January 25

The spacecraft Voyager 2, passing Uranus eight and a half years after being launched from Earth, sent back pictures to reveal that the planet had 10 rings and 15 moons.

Sunday, January 26

Copies of *The Sunday Times* and the *News of the World* were produced by Rupert Murdoch's News International Company at a new plant in Wapping, east London, after printers at the company's Gray's Inn Road offices had gone on strike and prevented production of *The Times* and *The Sun* on the previous day. The papers were produced by new technology methods and by journalists and members of the electrical trade unions.

The rebel National Resistance Army of Uganda, led by Yoweri Museveni, claimed that it had taken control of the government of the country after driving General Tito Okello's troops out of the capital, Kampala, though marauding soldiers were terrorizing many parts of the country.

Monday, January 27

After a three-hour emergency debate on its handling of the Westland affair in the House of Commons the Government had a majority of 160, with no Conservative MPs voting against it.

Tuesday, January 28

The Challenger space shuttle exploded shortly after lift-off from Cape Canaveral, Florida killing the crew of seven. It was the Challenger's 10th flight and the 25th US space shuttle mission.

A Government Green Paper proposed the phased abolition of domestic rates and their replacement by a flat-rate community tax payable by all adults.

Douglas Dunn won the £18,500 Whitbread Book of the Year prize for his book of poems, *Elegies*.

Wednesday, January 29

Yoweri Museveni was sworn in as President of Uganda.

Thursday, January 30

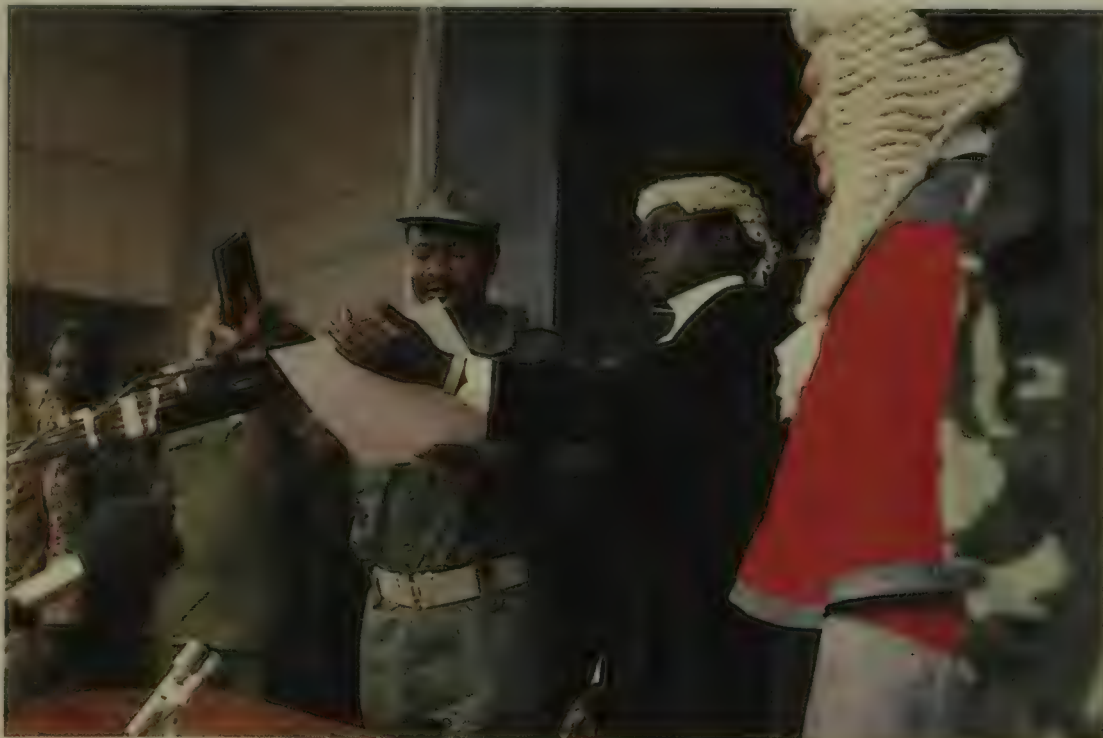
Unemployment in Britain rose for the second successive month to reach the record level in January of 3,407,729 or 14.4 per cent.

A government official in Aden estimated that more than 12,000 people had been killed during the fighting that erupted in Yemen when President Ali Nasr Mohammed was deposed.

Friday, January 31

President Jean-Claude Duvalier declared a 30-day state of siege in Haiti following weeks of unrest and violent protest against his régime.

South African President P. W. Botha introduced a programme of social and economic reforms and declared that the country had "outgrown the outdated concept of apartheid". He also offered to release Nelson Mandela in exchange



IMPACT PHOTON

Yoweri Museveni, leader of the National Resistance Army in Uganda, was sworn in as President on January 29 after his men had ousted General Tito Okello's troops, who had been terrorizing people in many parts of the country.



PHOTOGRAPH BY REX FEATURES



America's space shuttle Challenger exploded on January 28, 72 seconds into its mission, killing the crew of five men and two women instantaneously and plunging the nation into shock. Viewed live by millions on television, the moment of tragedy was witnessed from Cape Canaveral by the family of Christa McAuliffe, a 37-year-old teacher who had captured the public imagination by being the first ordinary citizen chosen to fly in space. President Reagan attended a brief public memorial ceremony at the Johnson Space Centre and pledged that America's space programme would continue. The apparent cause of the accident was a rupture of the starboard booster rocket.

for the release of two Soviet dissidents.

Saturday, February 1

30 people were killed and many more injured when severe storms spread across Europe. A state of emergency was declared in south-east France, Rome was flooded and Spain was covered with snow.

Sunday, February 2

Oscar Arias Sanchez, candidate of the ruling National Liberation Party, won the presidential election in Costa Rica.

Monday, February 3

Paul Channon, Secretary of State for Trade and Industry, confirmed that talks between British Leyland and General Motors, the US motor giant, about the sale of Leyland Vehicles and

Land-Rover were at an advanced stage, and that other talks were going on about the possible sale of Austin Rover to Ford.

International airlines carried out checks on their Boeing 747 jumbo jets following the discovery of cracks on the frames of some of the aircraft.

Tuesday, February 4

Israeli fighters forced a Libyan executive jet flying from Tripoli to Damascus to land in northern Israel. It was suspected that Palestinian terrorists were on board, but this proved not to be the case.

In Britain the price of petrol in most areas fell by 3p a gallon following the drop in the price of oil.

Wednesday, February 5

The Government put forward plans for selling 10 water authorities to private ownership.

US President Reagan sent Congress his budget for the 1987 fiscal year, proposing expenditure of \$994,000 million with increases for defence and cuts in social and welfare programmes.

Thursday, February 6

The Government announced that the possible sale of Austin Rover to Ford would not go forward.

800 construction workers at the Sellafield nuclear reprocessing plant walked out in protest at the handling of an escape of radioactive plutonium mist.

Fulham Palace, for many years the home of Bishops of London, is to be converted for office use by agreement of the Church Commissioners.

Friday, February 7

President Jean-Claude Duvalier of Haiti fled his country for France where he was given temporary asylum.

Early results from polling in the Philippines election showed no strong trend. Both President Ferdinand Marcos and his opponent, Mrs Corason Aquino, claimed victory, but an international team of observers said it had found serious anomalies in the voting and counting.

A statement from 10 Downing Street in response to claims by Alan Bristow,

holder of a 17 per cent share in Westland, that he had been offered a knighthood and other inducements to vote in favour of the Sikorsky-Fiat deal, said no authority to offer an honour had been sought or given.

Sunday, February 9

The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Pope met in Bombay for half an hour, taking the opportunity to talk on various subjects related to church unity.

Some 20 people were killed and several hundred injured in Haiti in a weekend of riots, mainly aimed at members of the Tontons Macoutes. The Military Council that took over control of the country from Duvalier imposed 16 hour curfews.



Top breeders recommend it.

The Volkswagen Passat Estate is a rare breed. There's a fuel-injected 115 bhp engine in the front which has enough welly to whisk a whippet to 60 mph in under ten seconds.

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It has 64.6 cubic feet of luggage space. Or with the rear seats up there's room for five passengers and a pack of four hounds with space to spare.

On top of all that there are two aerodynamic roof rails with removable alloy bars.

It has a thinking rear axle which keeps your wagen rolling safely along in the event of a blow out. And dual-circuit brakes which obey the driver's command.

Being a Volkswagen it's got quite a pedigree to live up to. But with five shiny coats of paint and a layer

of rust inhibiting bitumen on the bottom it should live to a ripe old age.

No wonder people who already own a Volkswagen Passat Estate think it's the cat's whiskers.

Passat



MITTERRAND'S FRANCE

The French elections on March 16 may force a socialist President to work with a predominantly right-wing parliament. In these pages we look at Mitterrand's impact and personality, and recall an earlier era.

First left, then right

Douglas Johnson on the effect of the government's zigzags

On May 10, 1981, François Mitterrand was elected President of the French Republic, having won some 52 per cent of the votes in his contest with Valéry Giscard d'Estaing. He immediately dissolved parliament and in the general election in June his socialist party won an absolute majority in the National Assembly (285 seats out of 491). Both victories were greeted with exuberant enthusiasm by Mitterrand's supporters and with apprehensive dismay by his opponents. For the first time in French history the left wing had gained a complete political ascendancy. Both the executive, that is to say the powerful presidency which General de Gaulle had created for himself, and the legislature were now in the hands of the socialists. It was called a revolution. As if to confirm this, Mitterrand began to make arrangements for a lavish celebration of the bicentenary of the French Revolution in 1989 and four communists were appointed ministers. People did not talk about "a new government" but of "the new régime," and 1981 was described as Year One of Change.

The parliament elected in June, 1981, has now almost run its course. A general election will be held on March 16, and although the president has (theoretically, at least) two more years to go before his mandate is up, it is more than likely that the socialist domination of the political scene will come to an end. A new type of voting by proportional representation has been brought in, and the essence of this system is that no party should gain an absolute majority. It is therefore an appropriate moment to ask what changes the socialists have accomplished during their five years of supremacy.

One cannot be altogether sure why it was that Giscard lost the election of 1981, but perhaps the greatest single factor was that

although he claimed to be a brilliant technician, able to understand everything about finance and economics, the economic record of his government was disappointing. The numbers of unemployed had risen from 500,000 in 1974 to almost 1,750,000 by May, 1981. The rate of inflation was constantly increasing, being at 13.7 per cent in 1980, well above the average of other major industrial nations; the rate of private investment was dwindling; it was claimed that the gap between rich and poor was increasing and that social injustice was flourishing. The socialist remedy for all this was in contrast to the policies which had been followed by Giscard and by his Prime Minister, Raymond Barre, and in contrast, too, to the policies adopted by President Reagan and by Mrs Thatcher. The socialists sought to boost demand, to increase social control over the economy and to institute measures that would achieve a greater social equality and fairness.

The budget presented by the young Minister of the Budget, Laurent Fabius, in September, 1981, was an indication of these intentions. State expenditure went up by 27 per cent, state investment by 37 per cent, and the number of state employees was increased by 61,000. There was a flurry of reforms. The retirement age was lowered to 60; pensions and the minimum wage rate were increased; the 40 hour working week was reduced to 39 without any loss of earnings; a fifth week of holidays with pay was instituted; new wealth taxes were created; a programme of nationalizations extended the public sector's control to many private banks and to many of the country's major industrial groups; economic planning and co-ordination were galvanized; attempts were made to freeze prices; and to defend the franc by limiting

the amount of French money which holidaymakers could exchange abroad.

None of this was very popular. Four by-elections were held in January, 1982, and the socialists lost them all. Opinion polls showed increasing hostility. The opposition vehemently attacked these policies and suggested that catastrophe was just around the corner. The repeated devaluations of the franc and persistent overseas trading deficits appeared to confirm such pessimism. There were strikes, protests, and bitterness. In June, 1982, the government began to modify its policies and imposed a wage freeze. In March, 1983, after faring very badly in the municipal elections, it returned to the orthodoxy that had prevailed before 1981 and launched a policy of austerity. It is notable that in the present budget, that for 1986, with Laurent Fabius now Prime Minister, the increase in government expenditure will be only 3.9 per cent and the numbers of those in state employment will be reduced by some 5,000. The communists resigned from the government in July, 1984, but it could be said that the socialist experiment had been concluded much earlier.

Today Mitterrand tells the electors that if they have been able to take an early retirement, enjoy five weeks' holiday a year and profit from increased purchasing power, then it is because of his government's reforms. He is able to claim that the catastrophes which his opponents have been predicting have not materialized and that the economic situation is improving, with inflation reduced to less than 5 per cent and still falling. The franc is holding its own and the prospects for overseas trade are good. Only over unemployment does he express disappointment. But even here the President is claiming the unemployment rate is

falling for the first time since 1969.

None of these arguments tells us how much France has changed over the last five years. It is noticeable that the word "revolution" disappeared from the socialist vocabulary some time ago (even "the quiet revolution," *la révolution tranquille*). The emphasis is now placed on the claim that the socialists have managed the affairs of France sensibly and wisely. Such management does not, however, bring about great changes. As has often been said, nationalization is not new in France. The Frenchman was already used to driving his Renault (nationalized) going to a bank like the Crédit Lyonnais (nationalized), lighting his cigarette (nationalized) with a match (nationalized), and possibly working on the railways (nationalized) and living in subsidized housing. State activity in the economic sphere has long been important in France and it is much more surprising to find that today certain directors of recently nationalized companies are in favour of de-nationalizing at least part of their enterprises. The benefits coming from the social policies were doubtless welcome, but they were diluted in a society where various sections have always enjoyed particular privileges in matters such as retirement or pensions.

The impact of certain socialist measures was lessened by the timidity with which some of them were applied. Thus the wealth tax applied only to a very small number of people, and some of the most obvious characteristics of great wealth, such as the ownership of historic buildings or works of art, were exempt. The reform of the labour laws, the provision for collective bargaining and worker consultation and representation was a long way away from the installation of "shop-floor soviets" as had at one time been envisaged. If there was, after May, 1981,

a massive changeover in the personnel of the top administrators in many organizations, they were replaced by men and women of identical backgrounds. Whichever party is in power, France, it seems, will be governed by graduates of the École Nationale d'Administration which forms the élite of French civil servants.

The result of all this in the general public was a profound distrust of all politicians (as opinion polls have shown). Long-term unemployment alone has caused people to lose confidence in their political leaders and in trade unions (only 15 per cent of the work force is now unionized). Organizations which have little to do with politics are more successful in attracting popular support or interest. Thus two years ago there was a campaign to help the new poor, and more recently, on behalf of those who lived isolated and alone. The abolition of the death penalty and the amnesty for prisoners that accompanied it, gave rise to considerable controversy. The majority of the population was opposed, but

President Mitterrand and his wife Danielle in January at his first electoral rally in Grand Quevilly, Rouen.

the idea of reforming the criminal law has caught on and the minister concerned, Robert Badinter, has retained a certain renown. The socialist attempt to regulate private education and bring all schools (including religious ones) into a general framework of administrative control created considerable excitement. The greatest demonstrations that France has seen for many years forced the government to give way and to withdraw its bill. The Minister of Education resigned and his successor has achieved a measure of popularity by insisting on the need for traditional teaching, with an emphasis on national history and the French language.

Then there is the question of race. Hostility to the 4,500,000 immigrants seems to have grown over the last five years. They are convenient

scapegoats for the persistence of unemployment and crime. The socialists are thought to wish to give them the vote and other rights, although the majority of the French have only recently understood that these immigrants are in France to stay.

The age-old problem of the ordinary Frenchman feeling distant and alienated from the centralized administration was meant to be dealt with by decentralizing laws. The Prime Minister has recently commented that in practice people are not conscious of any effective change having taken place.

If the idea of revolution has disappeared, another word has taken its place. The doctrine of socialism has given way to the doctrine of modernization. It is here that the changes in French life are most apparent. One third of the population is recorded as

being "enthusiastic" about modern information techniques, the tiniest village school has to have its computer, the government is determined to pursue space research, the authorities give way before the exigencies of technological advance and allow France to have a plethora of television channels. Considerations of the importance of French culture, that once caused the Minister of Culture to attack the Americans, have been forgotten. French screens will be invaded by American and Italian films, and a Disneyland installed at Marne-la-Vallée.

Perhaps we should not talk too much about "coca-culture". Whatever happens on March 16 is first of all a question of arithmetic. Does the opposition have, between them, the absolute majority? It is also a question of one man's skill: what will Mitterrand do? But *la modernisation* cannot be turned back, and that change is there for all to see.

Douglas Johnson is Professor of French History at University College, London.



The enigma endures

Diana Geddes profiles François Mitterrand, a very private President

"Laissez-les brailleur, le futur me donnera raison" (let them bawl, the future will prove me right), President Mitterrand is reported to have said at the height of the uproar over the surprise visit to Paris by General Jaruzelski at the end of last year. It was the first time since the imposition of martial law in Poland that the Polish leader had been received by a western head of state, yet Mitterrand had not even bothered to inform his own prime minister.

Whether apocryphal or not, the alleged comment reflects his autocratic style of presidency and his growing conviction that he knows best what is in the long-term interests of the country. It also highlights the importance he attributes to the judgment history will bestow on him, and his relative indifference to reactions of his contemporaries.

François Mitterrand was born into a prosperous middle-class family in 1916, at Jarnac in the Charente where his father ran the family vinegar distilling business. After a strict Catholic upbringing, including a spell at a Jesuit boarding school, he was sent to Paris to study law and political science. His first loves, however, were history and literature.

If he has a penchant for 19th-century romanticism in his literary tastes and political vision, in the plastic arts he has decidedly contemporary taste, as shown in the private apartments of the Elysée palace, and in his own homes in the rue de Bièvre in the Latin quarter of Paris, and at his house at Latché in the Landes. He loves to take refuge at Latché, walking with friends along the alley of oaks he has planted, discussing philosophy, the arts and politics, pausing to point out a rare bird or plant. Married for more than 40 years, he and his wife Danielle have two grown-up sons, one of whom works as an expert on Africa at the Elysée; the other is a Socialist deputy.

Despite 40 years in public life—he obtained his first ministerial post in 1946 at the age of 29—Mitterrand remains an enigma. The past five years at the top, under the constant blaze of publicity, have only deepened the mystery. His friends and critics agree that he is an extremely complex, very private man of outstanding ability in many fields, not least in political manoeuvrings, who has an outwardly cold and stiffly formal manner, but great charm in private. He has a small, intimate circle of trusted friends, most of very long standing, whom he regularly consults and uses as a sounding-board for his new ideas. But he takes

his decisions alone, which helps to make his moves hard to predict; no one knows what rabbit he will next pull out of his hat. Very often he does not appear to know himself until the last minute. He tends to brood long over a problem before reaching a decision which, more often than not, is the fruit of an intuitive feel for what is right, rather than pure analysis.

His intentions are more difficult to decipher because he seems to have changed his political coat so many times. Even his war career seemed inconsistent: after being taken prisoner on the Eastern front, he escaped in December, 1941, after 18 months in German camps, only to spend a much criticized year working for the Vichy government before joining the Resistance. He launched his post-war political career as a parliamentary candidate for the right-wing Action d'Unité Républicaine, promising to combat such menaces as "the wasteful creation of civil service jobs . . . costly nationalizations . . . and the inclusion of communists in government", all features of his early years as President.

After holding 11 ministerial posts in predominantly centre-right governments under the Fourth Republic, he went into opposition on General de Gaulle's return to power in 1958. In the following years he finally succeeded in imposing himself as head of the left-wing parties which in 1971 merged to form the Parti Socialiste.

As its leader he subscribed to its call for a "rupture with capitalism" and the "progressive socialization of the means of investment and production". Yet, after just two years as President, he was extolling the virtues of profits in the interests of increased investment which he now saw as the key to the creation of new jobs. Recently, no doubt with an eye on the elections, he has begun describing himself once more as a socialist. Although he has certainly never been a socialist in the British Labour Party sense, he has supported throughout his career certain principles associated with the left—greater social justice, the right of peoples to self-determination, a defence of individual liberties and human rights. Equally, he has also consistently backed certain broader ideas such as the construction of a united Europe, the importance of a balance of forces between East and West, and the maintenance of a strong French presence worldwide.

Mitterrand himself sees nothing inconsistent in his behaviour. He has

always said that socialism was not his "bible" in the sense of a fixed, revealed truth to which he need constantly refer back. He insists that the wide-ranging social reforms and benefits of his first 18 months in office were essential for the acceptance of the policies of economic rigour since then. He likens his change of course to a man climbing a mountain who suddenly finds his way barred by a thicket choked with brambles and thorns. Rather than try to tear his way through, he changes his path. But his goal—the top of the mountain—remains the same.

One of his oldest friends suggests that the slowness of Mitterrand's unusual evolution from the right to the left indicates that it was sincere and not tactical. "Has he now reached the position of the average socialist? I doubt it. I believe he's a moderate social democrat at heart." Another close friend agrees. "If being a socialist means being generous and in favour of a reduction of the gap between the richest and poorest, then he is a socialist and always has been. But he is not a dogmatic Marxist: he's a realist. As head of the socialist party, he took up some of the traditional socialist policies proposed by his colleagues. But he had no idea of economics. He's never had to run any business. Money has absolutely no importance or meaning for him—he never has any ready cash on him. It was only when he came into office that he discovered from first-hand experience that unemployment could not be reduced unless private enterprise was allowed to flourish. So he changed his policies. He has a great capacity to learn and adapt. He is first and foremost a pragmatist."

Although he evidently loves power—what politician does not?—he has a real desire to serve the interests of his country. "He is a great patriot," a Gaullist friend of his said. "He has the same sense of the greatness of France as de Gaulle. Mitterrand vehemently opposed the General, but had a secret admiration for him, and has indeed used him as a model for his own presidency." Pragmatism and his sense of the national interest will no doubt govern his reactions to the constitutional difficulties which may lie ahead. "Depending on the results," he said recently, "my role could change, but my functions, rights and duties will remain the same, whatever happens." Yet no one knows precisely what these rights, functions and duties are. Such a situation has never arisen before under the Fifth

Republic. The constitution, which appears ambiguous—if not contradictory—on many issues, has never been tested. Giscard d'Estaing insists that a strict reading of the texts provides for a purely constitutional president, deprived of all real power save that of dissolving parliament and pressing the nuclear button. All other powers ascribed to the president under the constitution require the approval of the prime minister or parliament and are therefore rendered null and void once the president is faced by a hostile majority in parliament, he argues. Even the president's power to appoint the prime minister is rendered insignificant by his inability to sack him, he says. Under the constitution, the prime minister can theoretically be removed only if he resigns.

By contrast Raymond Barre, Giscard's former prime minister and now the favourite opposition candidate for the presidency, considers that the president and the prime minister necessarily form a pair under the Fifth Republic between whom there must be reciprocal confidence. "Cohabitation" could not work, he insists: it would lead to a head-on clash between the president and the new parliament.

M Barre has a vested interest in an early presidential election, since he is at present well ahead of his rivals in the opinion polls. Jacques Chirac, on the other hand, has a vested interest in making cohabitation work: as leader of the Gaullist RPR (Rassemblement Pour la République) party, he is likely to find himself at the head of the largest right-wing group in the new parliament, and is Mitterrand's likely choice as new prime minister.

Mitterrand does not want to go down in history as the first president under the Fifth Republic to have been forced to resign (de Gaulle went voluntarily). Nor does he want to be remembered as the president who provoked a constitutional crisis.

Despite the demagoguery of some electioneering, the right's programme is remarkably moderate. Mitterrand might not like some measures, but there is little in it which need lead to an open conflict with a right-wing government.

No one really knows what will happen after March, 1986. Jacques Chirac is fond of saying: "There are four possible scenarios, and then there is a fifth which you haven't thought of, and neither have I. And it will be that one." ○

Diana Geddes is *The Times* correspondent in Paris.



Not ideal but lovable

Richard Cobb nostalgically recalls the Third and Fourth Republics

When I first went to France in 1935, the Third Republic was in its 65th year and I was 17½. The Third Republic still had another five years to go. It had already lasted at least *twice* as long as any of the other French régimes that had popped up in such rapid succession since 1789, often as a result of an act of violence committed in Paris, leaving corpses in the street.

It is true that like all the other régimes, with the sole exception of the first and second *restaurations*, its birth on September 4, 1870, had been neither legitimate nor prestigious. It had been accidental. I even wonder how many customers at Barclays' main Paris branch in the rue du Quatre-Septembre know the significance of the date or even give it a passing thought. But, by sheer staying power, the Third Republic, in the course of its years, acquired at least a sort of pale, negative legitimacy, as a form of unobtrusive government least intolerable to a majority of Frenchmen (it had very little to offer Frenchwomen) and which left people and things very much as they had been before.

But it was not a régime of *total* immobility. It had even survived, although in an emasculated form, the crises of 1914, 1916 and 1917. On two occasions, in the summer of 1914 and in 1917, the Senate and the Chamber had taken temporary refuge in Bordeaux, a dangerous precedent, as it turned out, for a third flight to that city of panic in June, 1940.

Despite its almost total social immobility, at least up to the summer of 1936, the Third Republic could show to its credit a certain number of positive achievements, some of them visible (and generally very ugly) in stone and brick, and testifying to the immense educational effort of a régime that has often been described as *la République des Professeurs* or *la République des Instituteurs*. In any French town one is likely to be confronted with school buildings dating from the 1890s and the 1900s. The dates are generally marked, proudly, in stone: VILLE DE PARIS, beneath the ship of the city's coat of arms, ÉCOLE DE JEUNES FILLES, JUILLET, 1882: the first thing I see when I go to the lavatory each morning at my usual port of call in Paris, 26, rue Geoffroy-l'Asnier (IVème). Proud, if architecturally undistinguished monuments, the solid expression of the pride felt by Pagnol's father in his mission in life as a headmaster of a primary school in Marseilles, and by a generation of

devoted *instituteurs*, missionaries of a laical Marianne.

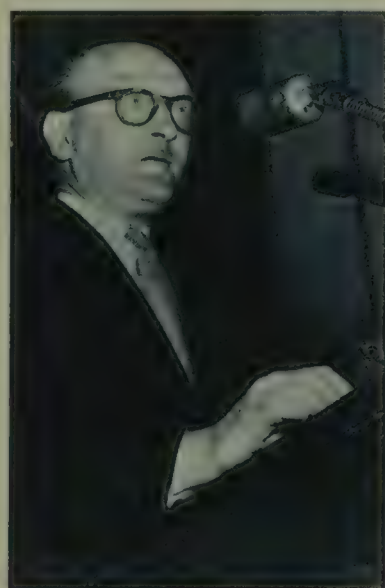
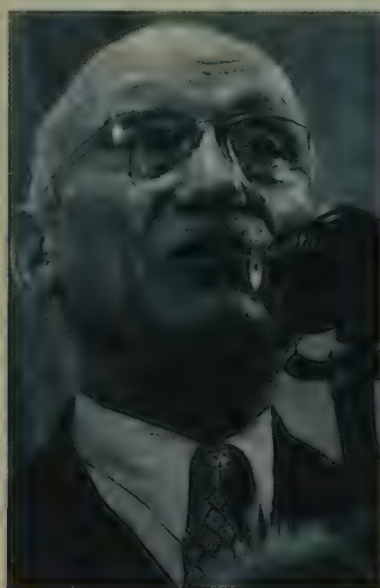
Probably one of the reasons why the Third Republic survived so long, despite several threats of civil war and a number of spectacular scandals (some of these quite endearing, both at the time and in retrospect), is that the régime satisfied the educational ambitions of two or three generations of French provincial working-class and lower-middle-class parents as far as the upward mobility of their sons was concerned. It thus also provided a very

passed on to the Fourth Republic a poisoned gift that was to prove the final undoing of that most democratic and admirable of French régimes.

The Third Republic was not an ideal régime. Large cities and heavily populated areas were deliberately under-represented, whereas small market towns—*chefs-lieux d'arrondissement*—were grossly over-represented. A political system that made of the vet a key figure in local and national politics would not have much appeal to the miner or to the

some members of the Auriol family) at a period when I was very young and impressionable.

The leading political figures of the inter-war years were associated with my own wondrous discovery of Paris, Rouen and the Perche. I could identify the tall, gangling Pierre-Etienne Flandin and the surprised-looking Camille Chautemps. I ran into and nearly knocked down Pierre Laval, rushing to catch the last Métro at the Rond-Point des Champs-Élysées just as he was emerging. I apologized to him pro-



Maurice Thorez, Communist Party leader, 1930-64;

Robert Schuman, statesman and minister, 1946-56;

Guy Mollet, Prime Minister, 1956-57.

large number of pensionable jobs under the State to raw young men and women from the south-west, the south-east and the Massif Central, as teachers at all levels, but mostly at the bottom, bringing up to the long "a"s of Parisian popular speech a rich variety of accents terminating in sonorous *angs*, *engs*, and so on. The Third Republic had a great deal to offer the Midi, especially the south-west part. No wonder that Vichy, from the very start, had it in so much for the unfortunate *instituteurs*, even picked out as defeatists and as responsible for the military collapse of May to June, 1940.

I will not go into the army and navy reforms carried out with considerable success in the 10 years before the outbreak of the First World War, nor into the dramatic expansion of the French colonial empire from Ferry on to Brazza. Both were very positive achievements, although, in so far as the colonies were concerned, the Third Republic

typographer. Women were offered no political role whatsoever. It was perhaps, too, a régime that tended to favour the south-west and the south-east at the expense of the rest of the country, making Vincent Auriol, Jaurès, Fallières, the Sarraut brothers and other southern politicians dominant figures in both Chambers. It was also a régime that did not allow for any degree of social change, at least until the Matignon Agreements of the late summer of 1936.

There must, of course, be some element of personal nostalgia in my rather affectionate memory of the Third Republic in its declining years. The régime, presided over by the perfectly harmless and tearful Albert Lebrun, was already pretty old and decrepit, even laughable—the endless Stavisky affair trials provided a great deal of comic relief (the Fourth Republic would likewise be generous in such matters as *Le Scandale des Piastras* and the *Bons d'Arras*, the *Ballets Roses* and the activities of

fusely, and he gave me a curiously tiger-like, yellow smile. And there was the spotless white tie, its whiteness accentuated by his quite asiatic complexion. Edouard Herriot, his huge wood-carved head and his Dunhill pipe seemed the picture of comfortable, unhurried reassurance; he looked as if he took a long time over his meals.

Though thin, even gaunt, myself, I have always been inclined to put my trust in fat men, especially fat men in politics. Their very girth seemed a guarantee against enthusiasm. The *sénateurs* of the late 30s were mostly bearded and had enormous tummies. The Norman, Chéron (*cuisine à la crème*), could have been admitted to the Club des Cent Kilos, which met annually on the ground-floor of a beerhouse in Munich. And to me the good-looking Maurice Thorez, with his warm smile and open-necked shirt, seemed to spell out all the radiant hopes of the short-lived Front Populaire. After the Lib-

eration, I was glad when he came back from Moscow, it was like the return of an old friend. He even read my big French book and wrote me a charming letter about it in March, 1964, three months before his death. I had heard—just, for he was a poor speaker—Le Grand Léon (Blum) electioneering in 1936; and I had listened to Jean-Paul Boncour (who lived to the age of 99) in full flood in the Palais de Justice, sleeved arms and shock of white hair in emphatic support of wonderful eloquence.

So I felt at once reassured by the Fourth Republic, for it brought so many of the old faces—that much older, though—back into prominence. Here was a new President of the Republic who came from Revel and who had a squint and an unbelievable accent from the south-west (Vincen Tauriol). Here was a Prime Minister, Félix Gouin (Gouang) who had a comic surname and spoke like a character in a Pagnol film. Here was André Le Trocquer back at the tribune (later there was the unfortunate business of the *Ballets Roses*). A few years on I saw René Coty as he came out of the Faculty of Medicine. His large, florid face seemed to be made-up, but it may have been the camera lights.

Of course I had to make room for the newcomers as well: MRP, RPF, and so on. But on the whole I felt I

knew my way around. I even had an identifiable hate figure in the person of the dreadful Guy Mollet, and a runner up in that of the sanctimonious Robert Schuman (of the forget-me-not eyes as described, with marvellous malice, by François Mauriac). And it was wonderful to see old Dr Queuille back in politics and even head of a series of ephemeral governments. What could be more reassuring than to have a GP at the helm! Don't overdo it, stay calm. Plenty of sleep. An even diet. And a GP from the Corrèze, too!

It is not in my brief to cite the many achievements of the Fourth Republic, the most democratic régime that France has ever had and the last in which Deputies really mattered. But what happened in 1958 shocked me to the core. I felt a sense of shame. France had bowed to a South-American-style *coup*. Nothing could have plastered over the nakedness and brutality of an act of violence. This was no ordinary *passation de pouvoirs*. At least two familiar figures, among some 80 others, stood up to protest at this violation of parliamentary democracy: Pierre Mendès-France and François Mitterrand (though the latter has since undergone a process of rethinking).

After 1958 I was much less inclined to settle permanently in France and I began to feel all the virtues of possessing a British passport. After 1968 I discovered increasingly a country that went in more and more for play-acting and for the appearance of things. And there were more and more new faces, above impeccably pressed suits, that did not look at all reassuring and that seemed to be having difficulties with their mouths. I could not—cannot—put names to most of them. The speed of change has been too much for me and I feel lost with the disappearance of so many of the familiar landmarks.

A great many of my French friends are dead. I have lost touch, I walk in streets that were once familiar and in which I do not recognize a single shop. Of course everything is much cleaner and more efficient, and the new colours of Paris are an anaemic, medical bright green. "*Paris propre*" is the slogan of M Chirac. But I actually miss the overpowering odour of garlic on the old Orléans-Clignancourt line in the days when les Halles were still there. France is getting younger. I am not.

Richard Cobb was until recently Professor of Modern History at Oxford.



Pierre Laval, premier during the occupation, taken into custody by Americans at Linz airport before his trial in France for treason in July, 1945.



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
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Each March around 60 dog teams gather in Anchorage, Alaska, to compete in what must be the toughest and perhaps most dangerous race in the world. Called the Iditarod Trail, it takes them 1,125 miles north-west across Alaska in an average temperature of -14°C . Travelling for 12 to 14 hours and covering around 90 miles a day through blizzards, deep snow and bitter winds, rarely snatching more than four hours sleep a night, the entrants usually need 15 days to complete the arctic marathon, travelling solo. Last year conditions were so terrible that the winner took 22 days. All the more remarkably, the \$50,000 prize went for the first time to a woman, Libby Riddles, a 35-year-old Alaskan.

The race commemorates the "serum trail" used to save the inhabitants of Nome, at the finishing point of the ordeal, from a diphtheria epidemic in 1925, and it has been held annually since 1973. Iditarod also honours the early gold prospectors and the brave men who brought mail by sledge from civilization to the great north. There are 22 check-points along the way, often 100 miles apart, at which the drivers and their

Overleaf: a team of dogs, having just left Anchorage, bounds along with enthusiasm.





A competitor snatches a short rest in the intense cold, but remains alert to the danger of moose and wolves.



Every team that survives the trail is a winner: these huskies have arrived in Nome, having completed the toughest and perhaps most dangerous race on earth.

»→ teams of 12 to 20 dogs can pick up food and be medically checked. The dogs are tested for doping, and any sign of their being treated cruelly results in immediate disqualification.

The teams assemble in early March at the first check-point at Eagle River, north-east of Anchorage, ready for the opening lap across the valley of Matanuska to Settler's Bay. From there they head for the interior, eventually passing through the heart of the Alaskan mountains at Rainy Pass and on past Iditarod itself and the middle Yukon to Kaltag, gateway to the Arctic tundra. The last stage, run over ice along the coast of the Bering Sea in the coldest conceivable conditions aggravated by terrible winds, is the most gruelling

of all. Many fail to complete the course.

Moose and wolves are among the hazards along the trail. Last year moose gathered on the path, causing several accidents and the death of five dogs. On occasion they charge the dogs, obliging the drivers, who are armed, to shoot them. Attacks by wolves are rare, but in 1985 both a German and a Japanese team were followed by a pack of 15.

One of the most serious dangers comes from snow drifts, which cover the trail and all signs of the route. "Mushers", as the drivers are called from the French verb *marcher*, can also lose their sledges on the ice-floes, with luck being rescued by another team and taken to the nearest check-point. Travelling close together can reduce such

risks. Last year 20 teams had to abandon the trail, and six mushers came near to losing their lives.

The entire exercise costs around \$800,000 and would be impossible without 2,000 volunteers who do everything from flying food and vets to the check-points, to manning the five information centres along the route, and marking out the trail. Most of the competitors' costs are paid by sponsors. Although in these ways it is an all-American enterprise, it has a spirit of its own which takes a deep hold of those taking part. Bill Vaudrin, one of its pioneers, likened the experience to penetrating the heart of the earth and becoming one with it for ever. Each surviving team is a winner ○

BOROUGH



Borough Market

Edna Lumb

Borough Market, off Stoney Street in Southwark, is a wholesale fruit and vegetable market operating from Monday to Saturday. Business starts most days at 3 or 4am, is at its liveliest at about 6 and peters out around midday. Tuesdays and Fridays are the busiest days.

It claims to be the oldest municipal fruit and vegetable market in London, successor to that which spread on to London Bridge in the 13th century. Its charter dates from the reign of Edward VI and this was confirmed by Charles II in 1671, when the market's boundaries were fixed along Borough High Street from London Bridge,

but the traffic congestion leading to the bridge became so intense in the 1750s that an Act of Parliament was passed to close the market and relocate it on its present site, which it has occupied since 1757.

The present buildings, beneath the viaduct of the railway serving London Bridge station, were put up in the mid 19th century. Designed by H. Rose, with subsequent additions by Edward Habershon, they have glass overall but less ornate wrought ironwork than in some Victorian market structures. The buildings today are slightly dishevelled, their yellowing glass roofs throwing a

gloomy light on the trading below. They cover an area of about 3 acres south of Southwark Cathedral, with the George Inn in a courtyard on the left. The George, whose present building dates from 1676, is the only galleried coaching inn left in London. It was referred to in *Little Dorrit*, and there is still today a slightly sinister Dickensian atmosphere about this part of London, particularly after dark under the railway arches around the deserted market. Much of its trade has been lost to the New Covent Garden at Nine Elms, so the long-term future of Borough Market must be in some doubt.

JAMES BISHOP



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Model	Engine size (cc)	Cylinders	Transmission (standard)	Horsepower (DIN)	Top speed (mph)	0-100kph (0-62mph)	Price (£)
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230E	2299	4	5-speed manual	136	126	10.4 secs	13655
260E	2599	6	4-speed auto	166	133	9.5 secs	16170
300E	2962	6	4-speed auto	188	139	8.2 secs	17840
Diesel 250D	2497	5	5-speed manual	90	109	16.2 secs	13790
300D	2996	6	5-speed manual	109	118	13.7 secs	15600

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ENCOUNTERS 1944-86

with Roger Berthoud

The Cabinet's conciliator



John Biffen: for Westminster, a rare case of fatalism.

Could it be that one day a divided Conservative Party might cry: "Enough! Give us the balm of Biffen the unifier!" Certainly as Leader of the House of Commons since 1982, a task which involves, *inter alia*, arranging its business in such a way that government, opposition and backbenchers are kept reasonably happy, he has shown himself a natural conciliator, widely liked and respected for his cool head and gentle wit. Who else could have stopped an assault from Dennis Skinner, Labour's redoubtable "Beast of Bolsover", with the emollient suggestion that "we grammar school boys should stick together"?

He does not, he confessed when I visited him in his vast office next to the Privy Council on Whitehall, spend his weekends at his Shrop-

shire home peering into the log fire trying to see the shape of the future. "I am wholly fatalistic about those sort of events, though I suppose I move in a profession which is remarkably short of fatalism. They all believe they can seize the future by the forelock, if that's the right expression."

Equally unusually, he is a pessimist. "Do you believe that original sin means pessimism?" he asked, the slightly bulging eyes shining interrogatively. I nodded as he explained: "For me, original sin is central to an understanding of life and the Christian response to it. Man is inherently sinful without the opportunity of responding to the Christian

challenge." For years he suffered from an equally exotic trait: diffidence. Arriving as MP for Oswestry in November, 1961, he made his maiden speech in July, 1962, a period of gestation since rivalled only by Irish Republican MPs bent on silence, and asked his first oral question in 1965, "a very good record of continence", he reckoned. He has since become a confident though economical speaker.

The clue to all this, he suggests, lies in his rural upbringing. His father, still alive at 89, was a tenant farmer in Somerset. Farming was a hazardous profession in the 1920s and 30s, but the war changed that, and Biffen counts himself lucky to have grown up with genuine farmhouse cheese and cider. "It was almost a picture-book mixed farm:

150 acres, then 300 when father took on an additional tenancy. It was all so different in those days. The farm dominated life, work was hard, but there were great high days, like Bridgewater Fair, with much dressing up."

Though both sides of the family had farmed for generations, his parents did not try to keep their promise only child on the farm: they had left school at 14, and had a great reverence for learning. John went on scholarships first to Bridgewater's grammar school, then to Cambridge, where to everyone's pleasure he gained a first in history. National Service had been less triumphant: 18 months in the Royal Engineers, ending up as a lance corporal in the Suez Canal Zone. Research had shown, he said with a smile, that he and Peter Walker were the only Cabinet members to have been NCOs, but needless to say Walker had been a sergeant.

While working, at first on the shop floor, as a management trainee with Tube Investments in Birmingham, he came to know the local MP Enoch Powell, whose unconventional analyses and compelling imagery he had admired at the Cambridge Union and Conservative Association. When he himself became an MP after a brief stint with the Economist Intelligence Unit, he joined Powell in opposing British membership of the EEC, believing it wrong that the instruments of national government should be progressively set aside in favour of a community decision-making process. When I commented that while he seemed generally to appeal to people's better instincts, Powell seemed sometimes to appeal opportunistically to their lower ones, for example on immigration, he asked, not unkindly: "What is your next question?"

The bond with Powell became clearer when he defined what makes a high Tory. "It's someone who has a deep cynicism about fashion and change, and a quite strong collective view of life and loyalties which relate to the nation. I am very much the product of a rural society: a village school, a farm whose isolation was redeemed only by radio, small-town grammar school with only some 300 pupils: it would probably be closed today. My first expedition to London was when I was 18. The moment I got to Shropshire politically, I realized that all that had come in between this return to a rural upbringing and outlook had simply fallen away." It is perhaps of a piece with his country boy's diffidence that he married only in 1979, aged 48. He and his wife and her two sons live at Lambley, based on the Welsh border. Stanley Baldwin and Lord Salisbury remain his favourite Conservative Prime Ministers. Stranger things have happened in politics than that he should one day follow them to Number 10.

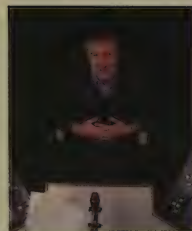
Fantine in the flesh

After seeing Patti LuPone looking whey-faced and consumptive as the ill-used Fantine in the musical version of *Les Misérables*, it was quite a revelation to meet her in her dressing room at the Palace Theatre next day. In short, I was mesmerized by her wonderfully expressive brown eyes and full yet shapely lips set in an oval face with a nose of character. She is a very entertaining yet serious lady of 36 who became the first American to perform with the Royal Shakespeare Company when she took the victim role in the Victor Hugo spectacular, winning a Laurence Olivier award last December for her interpretation: a classy addition to the Tony she won for her creation of the Evila role which she played for 23 months on Broadway. She had been nervous when she joined the RSC for her six-month stint (ending in April), having been told they expected some diva with moussed hair. She turned up wearing spectacles and jeans and, having trained as an ensemble player, settled straight in.

The surname, capital P and all, came over to New York with her grandfather from Italy's Abruzzi mountains, and Patti was her mother's maiden name, from Sicily: the opera singer Adelina Patti was her mother's great aunt. As a child in Northport, Long Island, where her father was an elementary school headmaster, she showed talent as a dancer and was trained from the age of four, at 15 adding formal singing tuition. Then at 20 she dropped both to join the first drama course at the Juilliard School in New York (her brother Robert, who did the dance course there, later created the role of Zerk in *A Chorus Line*).

After four years' study under Michel St Denis and John Houseman, the class formed a touring company under Houseman and

spent four wonderful years doing classical plays around the States: "great roles and terrific experience"—and an Equity card, too! She and some friends did a musical as a surprise present to John Houseman, and so it all began. Since then she has oscillated enjoyably between that peculiarly American art form and serious drama, including a number of plays by her friend David Mamet. Her singing voice, which has a range and power capable of inspiring an audience, has been deployed only once in opera, in *Il Giuramento* by Saverio Mercadante, a contemporary of Rossini, performed to her great excitement in Spoleto, Italy. The only gap has been comedy, for which she is surely a natural. The hope that voice will not languish: good actresses are plentiful, those who sing wonderfully are rare.



John Dunn: enjoying the challenge of trying to get it right.

Blandness is winning

"I'm not a shrinking violet, but I do see myself as a funnel through which other people are poured," said John Dunn, whose weekday Radio 2 chat programme from 6 to 8 pm, interspersed with music, has some five million listeners and many admirers: a very long funnel, one might add, since he is 6 feet 7 inches tall. "A lot of interviewing amounts to ego trips for the interviewer, and I don't think you want to hear people tangling with each other after a day's work. It's a form of interview, but it's not the only way of getting information out of a guest. I prefer the non-abrasive approach."

A fit-looking 51, Dunn is just as charming, relaxed yet professional in the flesh as on the air. Despite 13 years of the same routine, which kills all save weekend social life at his Surrey home, he still enjoys the challenge of trying to get it right: "Maybe you don't frame a question carefully enough to sound like a conversation, though it has to sound artless. It's a

fascinating business." Each day he does three short interviews, chosen by his editor and two researchers, and one 30-minute one, which he researches himself. Only hard news and current affairs are excluded. His subjects are generally people whom an interview will do some good. "In blunt parlance, a lot are plugging something, like a book or a film they have made."

The music is chosen for him, along policy lines, from the softer end of the Dunn himself is connecting link, with that wonderful speaking voice which was once a pretty treble with a hard Glaswegian accent: he was born up there at a stage when his father, an engineer, was converting cinemas over to sound. When father was posted south in the Navy during the Second World War, they moved to Surrey. Removed from the local primary after a fight, he was sent to the choir school of Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford, and thence to King's School, Canterbury.

He switches from classics to science, and we offered a place at Oxford, but turned it down, partly because he had had his fill of science. "I wanted to be an actor," he recalled, "but I was already at least the height I am now, and thin as a lath. It was out of the question. Trying to put on weight, a conversation, a girl's feet 2 inches was really rather ludicrous!"

While doing his national service as an RAF pilot officer in Wildenrath, BAOR, he went to Cologne to take part in a British Forces Network radio play. "I rather liked all the studio toys, got interested, and used to drift down there off shift. When I applied for a vacancy there after demob, they suggested I try the BBC for some experience." The BBC accepted him, and he started in the overseas service, soon becoming an all-purpose announcer: a classic news reader and plumping for Radio 2 in the 1967 reorganization of BBC radio. There he has remained, doing part of a punishing six years of presenting Breakfast Special from 5.30 to 9am before settling into his present less gruelling slot.



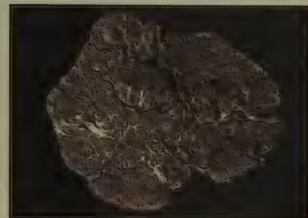
Patti LuPone: bringing a fine voice from New York to *Les Misérables*.



Ulysse Tallet leads a sow in search of the elusive black truffle at St Eulalie d'Ans in south-west France. "Pigs are very clever," he says. "They know why they've come and what is expected of them."

ON THE TRAIL OF THE TRUFFLE

BY MARCEL BERLINS



In the Périgord region it has been a disastrous year for truffles. Yet when our man arrived, Minou the pig flushed out two of the expensive tubers while Polka the mongrel sniffed in vain.

Minou was not too happy at being hustled out of her warm stall into the cold January morning air of the Dordogne. Snorting her reluctance she was prodded and persuaded to waddle up the little ramp into the back of Ulysse Tallet's battered Citroën 2CV van. It was a journey she knew well. Just a couple of miles down a narrow road from the hamlet of St Eulalie d'Ans lay M Tallet's field of oak trees. Minou's job, in the tradition of generations of pigs before her, was to find the elusive and expensive black truffle of Périgord.

Conditions for the hunt were perfect. It was a typically benign winter's day, crisp, thinly sunned, but comfortably in tune with the gentle-

ness of the hills and valleys around. There had been overnight rain, but the morning frost, enemy of the animal's sense of smell, had disappeared. The truffles, it seemed, were pleading for Minou to discover them.

M Tallet—truffle cultivator, farmer and local restaurateur—did not, however, hold out much hope for her success. Very few truffles have been found in the region this winter, and his own fields have been unproductive. For 20 minutes his gloomy prophecy looked like being fulfilled. The carefully planted oaks stubbornly refused to yield a single example of what the classic food writer Brillat-Savarin described as "the black diamond of cookery". ➔

→ Ugly and misshapen, but with a taste and perfume that has driven writers and gourmets into rapturous yms of extravagant exaggeration, truffles have become a universal symbol of high gastronomy. They are by no means unique to France—Italy and Spain, even England, have them—and there are white truffles and summer truffles, but to the true truffophile there is only one kind that matters: the *tuber melanosporum*, a fungus found primarily under oaks in south-west France between December and February, most famously, though no longer mainly, in the regions of Lot and Périgord. (It is a matter of some rivalry that Périgord, which gives its name to the truffle, produces far fewer of them than its lesser-known neighbour.)

Minou, oblivious of her master's pessimism, is happy now, head down, her snout snuffling and scuffling the earth, darting about with a speed not normally associated with porcine 450-pounders. Every now and again she stops, seemingly interested, and digs a little deeper, or lingers near a tree that has caught her attention, anxiously exploring all around it; but usually one sniff is enough to show that there is nothing there for her. She moves on. M Tallet follows her patiently, occasionally coaxing her in a different direction with his *truffador*, a wooden stick 2 feet long with an iron spike at one end.

There are a few false alarms. She becomes excited and digs furiously for a few seconds, but then just as suddenly loses patience. M Tallet picks up a handful of the earth and smells it, just in case, but there is no tell-tale odour. "The trick, which comes only with experience, is to know whether the pig has really found a truffle, or has found something else she likes, like a nut, or is trying to cheat a little," he explains. "Pigs are very clever. They know why they come and what is expected of them, and sometimes they pretend to find something, hoping for a reward."

The big moment comes unexpectedly. Minou has been snuffling around a small tree for a minute or two. M Tallet watches carefully. Suddenly he drops to the ground on all fours, creeping closely at the grunting animal's exertions. For a second, man and beast are barely distinguishable as both scurry a small patch of soil. Then, with the grace of an athlete, M Tallet moves into action, pushing Minou away from the spot with his *truffador* while at the same time taking out of his pocket a football of corn, which he throws a foot



The market in Lalbenque traditionally attracts truffles of the highest quality and volume, although in recent years they have been desperately scarce and trade is slack. Above right, prominent truffle merchant and exporter Joseph Peybere, who lived to the age of 100. His son and grandson carry on the family business in Cahors.

away from the pig's snout. It works. Minou, diverted from her main objective, turns to eat the corn.

M Tallet uses his hands to expose the object of the pig's interest, some 4 inches beneath the soil. "Yes, it's a truffle." Then, using the pointed end of the stick, he digs delicately around the object, careful not to damage it, before lifting it out, still encrusted in its surrounding earth.

He inspects it, posing all the questions that will determine the truffle's future. Is it whole and undamaged? Happily, yes, and a good size too, like a child's fist. A damaged truffle is not only less valuable but is often likely

to be of poorer quality. Is it the right colour? It is a perfect dark grey-brown outside (they are never really black), and a tiny scratch reveals, slightly less dark brown inside, with only the tiniest of white veins. "Good quality," M Tallet comments. Finally he puts it to his nose, and smiles. "Yes, a good perfume." He delivers his verdict in the laconic language of the trade: "C'est une bonne truffe."

He pats Minou affectionately; she responds by making a grab for the truffle in her master's hand.

"I could sense that there was something a little abnormal. She was looking, looking, looking, but without great interest. Then I noticed that she was becoming insistent. She

didn't want to leave this spot. I can tell when she's really serious because I know her. Anyone else wouldn't be able to tell." Minou, in the meantime, has become active again, and to M Tallet's evident surprise, turns up another truffle. The performance is repeated. "I admit I would not have expected to find two truffles here today," M Tallet remarks. "I once found 27 in the vicinity of this tree, all within a few minutes, but that was years ago when they were plentiful. To find two in such a bad season is really something." Minou looks pleased.

Sows, according to a scientific theory which most local farmers find less than convincing, make better trufflers than male pigs because the smell of the truffle includes an element of the male sexual odour. M Tallet's reason for using the female of the species is rather more prosaic. "You get a double advantage. She looks for truffles in the winter and you can use her to breed the rest of the year."

But Minou is one of the last of her kind. The truffling pig is fast being replaced by the truffling hound. Michel Boyer is a young farmer from near Cahors, in Lot, who has made the transition. "Dogs are more manageable. Each time I took the pig out, I had to take the tractor and put him



in a little trailer behind. And it's very difficult to control a pig. It's a big, heavy animal. Now, with Polka, I just take her in the car. She does what you want. There's no problem."

Dogs have the added advantage of disliking truffles. "When it finds one it leaves it, and then you reward it with a biscuit or something. But a pig loves the truffle and it will eat it immediately unless you are on your guard." Polka, like many trufflers, is a mongrel. "There's no particular breed that's better than another. Some dogs are good at it and some not. It's a question of training and aptitude," M Boyer claims. Polka's talent seemed to be for frenetic yapping, coupled with an obsession to try to deceive her master into parting with the reward. As predicted by all, she failed to find a truffle. "This year it's impossible," said M Boyer with an expressively Gallic shrug of resignation.

Ulysse Tallet accepts, with regret, that the days of the pig are probably numbered. "I continue to use a pig because I think it is important to keep up the tradition, which is a very old one. I can see that using a dog makes sense, not because they are better, but because they are easier to handle. But as for myself, I like the pig. You can get very attached to a pig." This winter, though, pig and

dog alike have made little contribution to the fortunes of the truffler-grower.

Every Tuesday afternoon in the season, Lalbenque, a small, unremarkable town in the department of Lot, becomes the world centre of the truffle industry. There are truffle markets in other towns, but traditionally it is Lalbenque's that attracts the highest quality and greatest volume. A few years ago it was quite normal for several hundred pounds of truffles to be sold in the one cramped tiny square next to the post office. Once, the older inhabitants recall, the market achieved the magic figure of a tonne—2,200lb—in an hour of frenzied trading. In January on a typical Tuesday the total of truffles for sale amounted to less than 20lb.

A dozen forlorn cultivators, their wares laid out on a wooden trestle table in tiny wicker baskets, or wrapped in handkerchiefs or brown paper bags, tried to persuade the few buyers—restauranters, middlemen and a couple of private purchasers—to pay 3,000 francs a kilo (around £150 a pound). Eventually the price, to no one's satisfaction, settled at around 2,500 francs—unheard of before this winter. Most big buyers had not come, knowing how insignificant the pickings would be.

The only difference of opinion among trufflericualists is whether this year has been catastrophic or merely disastrous. Purely statistically, it is clear that it has been the worst season ever. "Last winter was bad enough, because of the expected cold, but this one has been far, far worse," concludes Jacques Peybere, the largest truffle merchant and exporter in France. Ironically, the famine this year is the result of the long hot and dry summer which delighted the rest of the population.

M Peybere finishes packing a few kilos of truffles to be sent, by express air mail, to his best customers. The labels evoke some of the great temples of European gastronomy, like London's Connaught Hotel and Rebuschon (formerly Janin) in Paris, considered by some to be the best restaurant in France. He points to the few baskets of truffles being sorted into categories of size and quality by a sole employee in a large, otherwise nearly empty room in his Cahors premises. "Normally, at this time, the room is full," he remarks. "That doesn't mean I haven't got any truffles to sell. But who's prepared to pay the price?"

The spectacular failure of this winter's truffle crop has taken attention away from what has been a steady long-term decline. Towards



the beginning of the century production of less than 100 tonnes was rare. By the 1950s the average was around 50 tonnes. More recently that figure has been halved again, even in relatively good years. This winter's production is not expected to exceed 10 tonnes, and most of that will come not from the traditional areas of the Lot and Périgord but from other parts of south-west France.

M Peybere, a third-generation truffler-grower and trader whose son is carrying on the family business, is not optimistic. "There has been a considerable change in the climate of the region over the century, and we cannot reverse nature. I am involved in experiments to try to reproduce the conditions favourable to the growing of truffles with the help of scientific methods. We are making a little progress, but those newspaper reports that claim it will soon become possible to grow truffles artificially are wrong. We know more or less all the elements that favour the truffle's cultivation, such things as the humidity and the best fertilizer for the soil. But to get all the ingredients to combine is very difficult. There will always be one tree which supports truffles in abundance, while a similar tree a few metres away, in apparently identical

conditions, will have none."

Concern over the truffle's future extends, too, to the people responsible for the ultimate product, the food on the consumer's plate. Many *chouffleurs* have all but abandoned making traditional delicacies like truffled pâtés and sausages. Gilles Marre, a brilliant young chef at the balustrade restaurant in Cahors, fears that cuisine which includes truffles will soon be available only to the very rich. "I always try to put on my menu the ordinary things that ordinary diners can enjoy without spending too much. Tonight, I have scrambled eggs with truffles. But the price I'm asking [about £7] is not realistic. There's no profit. I do it because I'm from the region and I make an effort to promote the cuisine here. But in Paris the restaurants will charge the proper price and that means that it will be beyond the reach of most people. That makes me sad."

The cultivation of truffles is a cottage industry with international ramifications. Its decline is not a matter of enormous economic significance: farmers no longer depend on the truffle alone for their livelihood. What is rapidly disappearing is a tradition, as much in the villages and farms of Lot and Périgord as on the groaning tables of the world's restaurants.

WOMEN AND PRISON

Imprisonment bears particularly harshly on women. Four with inside knowledge describe their experiences to Allegra Taylor.

Compared with men, women are law-abiding, constituting on average only 3 per cent of the prison population. Yet as a recent report by Baroness Secar and Elaine Player (called *Women in the Penal System*, and prepared for the Howard League for Penal Reform) has confirmed, they are particularly vulnerable to the effects of imprisonment, and grave social problems are aggravated by separating them from their children and subjecting them to institutional living.

Some basic inequities are embodied in the legal process. Statistics show that women are much more likely to receive a prison sentence for a first offence, and more than twice as likely to be remanded in custody while men receive bail—the assumption being that women provide stable homes for men, but if they have broken the law, they must also have broken the home. They tend to be judged not solely on the seriousness of the crime but on their qualities as wives, mothers and dutiful daughters. Women's criminality is seen as a transgression of the female role; they are exposed to more censure when they leave prison, and find it even harder to get a job.

Women offenders are more likely to be seen as socially or mentally inadequate and to be controlled by behaviour-modifying drugs in prison: 318 litres of Largactil syrup were administered in Holloway prison (population 330) in 1980 as compared to 2 litres in Parkhurst (population 240), 100 times as much per prisoner. "Sleeping away your bird" or "Doing time on your pillow" are how this worrying practice is often described.

Sixty-six per cent of women are in prison for stealing less than £100.

The cost to the taxpayer of keeping them there is £308 each a week. The human toll is less easily calculated—for example, a pregnant woman who gives birth during her sentence may be allowed to keep her baby with her until it is nine months old (18 months at an open prison) if the prison has a mother and baby unit. Then the baby is forcibly taken away and placed in care. There are only 34 prison places for mothers and babies in the whole country, but at the last random census there were 209 babies under three years old belonging to women serving sentences.

Women are subjected to a more rigid régime and they have fewer educational and recreational facilities. Because of the small number of women's establishments (there are five closed and three open prisons), offenders are often incarcerated far from home. As a result their visitors are likely to have to make expensive and arduous journeys, often with young children, for what may be a very short visit. So visits tend to dwindle, contributing to the women's main source of anxiety and stress.

Three women who have been in prison have agreed to describe their experiences and reactions in order to promote a better understanding of what happens, as has a progressive prison governor. It is not easy for former prisoners to "come out", and may involve hurting friends and family. All said they were doing it only to help the women still inside.

Jenny Hicks is a soft-spoken woman in her mid 40s. In June, 1976, she was convicted at the Old Bailey for conspiring to defraud the GPO of £250,000, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment.

She remembers being a placid, rather secretive, well-behaved child

brought up in an ambitious, hard-working family where "getting on" was the most highly prized virtue. Conventional and conservative, she got into grammar school and joined the Girl Guides. A teenage job running the Johnny Ray Fan Club gave her a taste for organizational and entrepreneurial pursuits, so she and a friend started a duplicating and mail order business.

"Once I went into business where achieving maximum profit was the name of the game, the very thin dividing line between legitimate and questionable practices became blurred in no time at all. The legitimate rip-offs were worse than the crimes and I became very cynical about the law. The common practice of exploiting homeworkers, for instance, seemed much worse than cheating the Post Office. I became a business woman purely to make money—the slip-over into crime just seemed a natural extension. We took a very calculated and well thought-out risk and became partners in a franking machine fraud that was successful for 10 years."

But then the inevitable happened, they became a bit complacent and careless and they were raided. Jenny Hicks served the first nine months of her sentence in Holloway, was transferred to the notorious Durham H-Wing for a year, then Askham Grange in North Yorkshire for a year and finally Holloway again.

"Prison politicized me and made me more aware. I was surrounded by women who'd committed such a little crime. Most of them were poor and working class—they'd made mistakes or come from criminal backgrounds or they were rebels. The majority just shouldn't have been there. I'm sure prison is not the

way to deal with offenders. Also it's so much harder for women to bear imprisonment than it is for men. Women worry about their children and about the problems and shame they've brought on their families. It's somehow more acceptable for a man to be a rogue. When a man goes to prison, his wife usually holds the family together. When a woman goes to prison, 75 per cent of men put the children in care and move out of the house."

Jenny Hicks is grateful to prison for one thing—it gave her the opportunity to appreciate other women and to value them in a way she had never done before.

"On birthdays everybody makes cards, they want to know about your family, they'll do your hair if you're having a visit. Prison is a great leveller—you have a common bond and you're all becoming aware of each other for the first time. It was as I became more friendly with the other women I started to realize there were inequalities and injustices. I wanted to know who was making the decisions that affect other people's lives, so I took the Open University Social Science Foundation course. What I learnt made me think and change."

When she was moved without warning from the living tomb of Durham H-Wing maximum security unit to Askham Grange open prison the inmates were in the middle of devising the Christmas pantomime. "It was a totally surreal experience but I launched into it and got carried along. It was exciting to be able to use some of that creativity and led to me becoming enthusiastically involved with the drama workshop, which included writing our own scripts." Encouraged by the Governor, Sue McCormack, they finally got Home Office permission to take their show out to the local Arts Centre in York—the first time such a thing had ever happened, and the theatre was packed.

"If I'd had a personal creative outlet as a youngster," said Jenny, "it's a strong possibility that I would have stayed out of trouble. Drama is such an excellent form of releasing tension, expressing your own experiences, standing in other people's shoes, taking on other roles. To be able to give voice to whatever you've got bottled up inside is a constructive use of energy."

When she was finally released, Jenny found adjustment to the outside world very hard. "Once people know you've been in prison they won't even give you a temporary typing job. So another girl, Jackie, and I decided the only way forward was to be self-organizing and to create our own opportunities. We wanted to use our experience."

They formed Clean Break, a unique and innovative theatre company which not only puts on entertaining and informative pro-



NANCY DURRELL MCKENNA

Prison

politicized me and made me more aware.

JENNY HICKS

ductions of a high standard, but also provides a much-needed support group in the form of a weekly workshop in which any former prisoners can join and contribute their own experiences.

"My life has changed," says Jenny, "and Clean Break has helped me to exorcize the nightmare experience of prison. But I won't feel completely free of it until I can move on and know that Clean Break will flourish without me."

Chris Ryder was a bright, rebellious child, who collected snakes to scare her sisters and who hated school. When three former borstal girls arrived in her home town to pick fruit one summer they came upon a teenager bored rigid by provincial life and ripe for adventure.

"Our first breaking and entering was more than a prank but it was less than a crime," she says. "I couldn't believe the way it was treated with such seriousness. To make matters worse, my mates were whisked straight back to borstal and I got off because my father could afford a good lawyer. I wanted to be treated the same as them. Everybody said they had led me into it, which was unfair and untrue."

Chris left home, came up to London and fell in with the low life. She became a professional criminal herself and served three sentences in Holloway.

"What should have happened right back at the beginning was an imaginative approach," Chris reflects. "A look at *why* we committed that crime before the whole thing escalated. If I'd been caught then and inspired, I could have gone to university and saved all this aggravation and cost both to the social order and myself. An ideal solution would have been six months with the ambulance service. Something physically and mentally demanding where we weren't stigmatized and called bad. Punishment and psychiatry are the two traditional methods, neither of which work because they don't take the most important factor into account. I was fearless, reckless and dangerous because I had nowhere for that energy to be channelled and rapidly perceived a polarization—us against *them*, the enemy. Prison made me violent—a walking time-bomb. By the end of my first sentence I completely identified with the outsiders."

Our society, Chris believes, has few socially acceptable ways for celebrating the rites of passage into adulthood. Feeling marginal and undervalued, young people express their frustrations by beating each other up at football matches, throwing rocks at policemen, or injecting themselves with heroin.

"Kids need *real* excitement and danger to prove themselves. Adventure playgrounds are just not good enough. Get them climbing mountains or into the fire brigade.



NANCY DURRELL MCKENNA

"Prison hardens and brutalizes. Prison is so counterproductive. You can't conceive how ugly it is—how bleak. If you wanted to dream up a system for making and sustaining a criminal class, prison is it. You're creating a sub-culture and giving strength to it.

"I don't accept any theory of inherent badness. Rebelliousness, yes, and an as yet unlearned moral code. The ability to feel for others' pain or loss comes from self-knowledge. If there was one factor, one thread that ran throughout the whole criminal world it was this: a lack of empathy and introspection, no capacity to see the effect of what you do—a failure of imagination based on a poor self-image."

Gradually Chris matured. By the time she was in for her last sentence her father had died and she was separated from the child she was helping to bring up. She was profoundly affected by the death of a fellow prisoner, Patricia Cummings, who burnt to death in her cell because her emergency bell had been deliberately sabotaged and her cries for help went unheeded. Chris began to find different, more constructive ways to challenge authority and use her rebellious energy. She formed the Prisoners' Action Group while still inside, and on her release became a mature student at Essex University.

I missed the kids a lot . . . If a woman goes to prison, the family is more likely to fall apart.

SANDRA VOWLS

Two years ago, with funding from the GLC Women's Committee, she launched the Campaign for Women In Prison (WIP) to fight some of the worst injustices and bring them to the attention of the general public. WIP's stated aims include improved safety conditions; improved educational, leisure, work, medical and childcare facilities; better training and supervision of prison officers; a dismantling of the present punitive disciplinary structure, and increased prisoner participation in the organization of the prison; unrestricted access to the Board of Visitors for women's organizations.

"Most of us here are former prisoners, we know what goes on and the changes that need to be made," says Chris. She also believes that the majority of women currently serving sentences should not be in prison. "If women are mentally ill or emotionally disturbed, what are they doing in prison? And if they're not, why are

they given so many drugs? Drug- or alcohol-related offences?—let's look at the addiction. Those women shouldn't be in prison either, and prostitution shouldn't even be an offence. That's 90 per cent out—now let's use the resources we have to create a humane system for the rest."

It is 10 years now since Chris Ryder left Holloway. Other women will take over the running of WIP as she becomes more established in her new career as a full-time professional writer. "I want to make it on my own terms," she says. "Prison is part of me, I don't disown it, but it's not my future."

Although both Chris Ryder and Jenny Hicks were ultimately profoundly changed and radicalized by the experience of prison, Sandra Vowls's story is unfortunately a far more common one—a self-perpetuating treadmill of poverty, crime, prison and domestic catastrophe.

"My husband's always been in trouble," said Sandra Vowls. "He'll always be a criminal, he's been to prison too many times to ever go straight. He's made a lot of friends inside and he doesn't know any different now. No one's going to employ him, are they? I've got used to the idea that he's only going to spend a certain amount of time with us, so I just enjoy the time we have together, then he's back in again. Not a lot I can do, really," she shrugged resignedly. "I can't influence him—no way. He wouldn't be the same person if I tried to straighten him out."

The conflicting states of nostalgia, confusion and present pain flickered behind her sad eyes as she sat twisting her wedding ring in the front room of her immaculate council flat. The Vowls's three children have a pretty good idea of what goes on around them. The two teenage boys have already been in trouble on a few occasions, and their parents have now put the eldest into voluntary care because they cannot control him.

Sandra Vowls recalled her own last prison sentence. "My husband had been on remand in Brixton for five or six months. I was visiting him every day, making sure he had clean clothes, bringing him food. I was spending about £20 a day and the money had to come from somewhere so I decided to do a job." She drove the car for a burglary. They got away with it, which made them careless, and they were arrested on a second job a week later.

"I deserved being sentenced for what I did, but there's got to be a better way of punishing people than prison. A friend had my daughter, who was six years old at the time, but she reacted very badly, crying and carrying on. I was worried sick about her because she'd never been away from me. The two boys went into voluntary care but the bigger ➤➤➤

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➤➤ one was resentful and the younger one kept on running away.

"My husband couldn't visit because he was in prison himself. You can't dwell on it or you'd end up tearing your hair out. The best way to cope was to cut myself off and not think about outside. Any letters I got to do with him I just tore them up and threw them in the bin. Didn't even read them. I missed the kids a lot and Christmas was the worst of all. If a woman goes to prison, the family is more likely to fall apart."

Sandra Vowls has a rather elastic moral code and a useful ability to square things with her conscience. "I don't think about the people we're taking things off of—I just think about my needs and my children's. I'd like to be able to go out and earn enough money without committing crimes, but it's not that easy to find a job nowadays and I ain't got no O-levels. Women get in trouble because they find it hard to manage. Some people say I was stupid, but it's one way of getting by today, innit?"

She also has a justifiable feeling of bitterness about middle-class respectable crime—legitimate fiddles. "Some people are worse than what we are. We nick £500 worth off them and then they claim *twice* that off the insurance. They're criminal, too, but nothing's said. While they're having a good sleep in their own bed and claiming money on top of it, we get the blame for everything. Where's the justice in that? Makes you cynical.

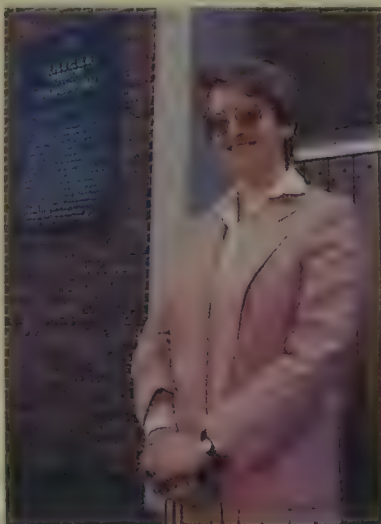
"Most women get involved in crime because of the men they're with. I hadn't been in trouble before I'd met my husband, I'd been a good child and had a straight job looking after old people as a home help. Then I started receiving stolen goods, helping him, and you suddenly find you're committing a burglary. Prison, to him, he does standing on his head—I'm surprised myself—it's as if it's a home from home. I take every day as it comes. If I sat down and thought, 'I'm going to be on my own for four or five years, I'd go mad. Out of all the time we've been married, we've only spent about a year together. Not a lot, is it?'"

Bullwood Hall, over the years, earned itself a bad reputation: grim buildings, depressing atmosphere, punitive régime. In 1979 there were 550 instances of self-mutilation among the prisoners. But with the appointment last year of Una McCollam as Governor, a certain amount of cautious optimism has crept into the judgments. Formerly Governor of East Sutton Park and before that Assistant Governor of Holloway, Una McCollam has won the respect of many people concerned with prison reform, particularly Chris Ryder and WIP, for her "civilizing influence" wherever she goes. She is modest about her achievements, pointing out that the physical conditions at Bullwood remain far from ideal and

that chronic staff shortages have made it impossible to introduce such innovations as picnics and guitar lessons, which have been dropped after a brief trial period.

Una McCollam is a warm, lively woman with a thoughtful, self-questioning air tempering her strong convictions. "The principle we try to live by is to make the experience of prison as undamaging as possible and, optimistically, in some areas of our activity, as positive an experience as possible. I emphasize the undamaging side because it would be a nonsense for me to say that we were achieving half the things we would like to do if we had the resources."

Since Una McCollam's appointment the instances of self-mutilation have fallen by 70 per cent, "still an unacceptable level but it is less," she



NANCY DURELL MCKENNA

We try to

make the experience of prison as undamaging as possible.

UNA MCCOLLAM

says. "I haven't really made any changes as such, but perhaps I can say I have tried to foster a climate where the inherent good aspects of human nature have a better chance to thrive.

"Governors' opinions do get listened to and they have a tremendous influence on the ethos of their establishment. If I came in here like a little Hitler demanding that the staff do all sorts of dreadful things, many of them, of course, would have wanted to throw me out but a significant number would have said, 'Right, if that's what the governor wants, we'll do it.' There will always be the conformist types who will not question authority and use it as an excuse to give licence to their bullying behaviour."

Una McCollam agrees that women suffer more distress from being imprisoned than men. "It's disgust-

ing that any human being has to 'slop out', for instance, but I believe it's more difficult and degrading for a woman to cope with—men tend to have less concern about physical surroundings."

On my guided tour of the prison I was shocked into a realization of what it means to be shut up in your cell from 5pm to 8am with only one scheduled visit to the toilet. All along the wall outside were parcels of stinking human faeces thrown out of the windows as an alternative to using the chamber and having to keep it in the cell all night. "Most of our penal institutions for women do allow them access to night sanitation," commented Miss McCollam, "but we don't and it's disgraceful."

For an idealistic governor with a degree in psychology, who joined the prison service because it seemed a good way to combine management skills and social work, it is sometimes difficult not to give in to despair and frustration. But there is also a positive side: "We do get the inevitable bitchiness and quarrelling that we are renowned for as women, but generally they care for each other, they relate on an emotional level and they care for us as well. There's a warmth that is particularly female, a sisterhood, and consequently we can relate more on that level to women inmates than male staff are able to. I can't imagine that many men in prison, if they saw the governor looking a bit pale, would say, 'Are you feeling all right?'. Women *genuinely* notice. That tendency towards empathy breaks down very easily, of course, under the stressful and unnatural circumstances of prison life. But it's there underlying other things."

Among the improvements Una McCollam would like to see at Bullwood are the introduction of a mother and baby unit and more imaginative work opportunities. At present they have only the tedious job of making cardboard box dividers in the prison factory.

"The popular conception of the function of prison is that it should be 50 per cent punishment and 50 per cent rehabilitation. I think that's entirely wrong. The punishment, loss of liberty, is meted out by the court and that should be the end of the matter. Being in prison is punishment enough. Our first function, of course, has to be containment. We are the servants of the court and we must make sure that people who are sentenced stay here. But after that *everything* we do should foster an environment where either we contribute to their rehabilitation or they're able to do things about it themselves.

"As to the argument that you shouldn't make it too cushy—there is no such thing as too cushy a prison. It's an impossibility. If you locked me up in a suite in The Dorchester I would still be in prison." ○

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Surveying the advantages of the estate

Stuart Marshall explains why the estate car has such a wide appeal

No one likes an estate car as much as the average British motorist. About 10 per cent of all cars sold here are estates. The status of a car with a big load floor and a lifting tailgate is much higher in this country than elsewhere. It is linked psychologically with broad acres, double-barrelled 12-bores and muddy retrievers. On the Continent, at any rate until recently, an estate car was thought of as a tradesman's vehicle, used by the family at weekends.

One of the reasons why estate cars are so popular in Britain is our love of dogs, of which there are more per capita than in most other countries, and there is no better type of car for carrying dogs than an estate. The flat rear sill is easier for them to leap over than the usually—but not always—raised sill of a hatchback, especially when they are old, and a dog guard shutting off the load floor from the passenger seats is the ideal *cordon sanitaire*. Dog hairs (not to mention dirty paws) do not go well with cloth-trimmed seats in a saloon car.

The first estate cars were coach-built on chassis which ranged from cars of high quality—even Rolls-Royce—to light commercial vehicles. The convention was to have them wood-panelled, which looked fine when new (or when varnished annually) but became tatty with age. This tradition lives on in American station-wagons, which often have hideous imitation timbering stuck on the side.

In Europe estate cars tended to be conversions or developments of saloon cars and appeared some time after the new model had made its debut. Recently, such is the importance of the estate car segment, they have started to appear simultaneously with the saloon, or at least shortly afterwards. For example, it took years of arm twisting by dealers and customers to persuade Daimler-Benz to make an estate version of their best-selling W123 model, which was succeeded last year by the W124. Whereas an estate version of the new Mercedes-Benz was on sale less than a year after the saloon was launched.

The French, who have always taken a severely practical view of motoring, have been the leading Continental producers of estate cars. Their large Peugeot and Citroën estates, the latter with self-levelling suspension to keep the body at the same angle regardless of load, have few rivals for carrying capacity, and comfort on long motorway drives. The mid-sized Citroën BX and the GS estate that preceded it also feature



The "one box" Renault Espace, which has the engine contained within the car's body, may well be the shape of the estate of the future.

self-levelling suspension and exceptionally low rear sills that make them ideal for loading.

Although the Peugeot 305 is now getting rather long in the tooth, it is still among the best mid-sized estates on the market for ride comfort and carrying capacity. Unlike so many independently suspended estates, the Peugeot does not have spring-strut anchorages intruding into the load space. Its suspension units have been turned through 90° and lie flat under the floor, which is uncluttered and thus capable of taking bulky objects other estates of similar size cannot manage.

Britain has an excellent estate car in the Montego, which has the unusual feature of an extra pair of rearward-facing seats for children. They fold flat into the load floor when not in use. If all cars were as good as the Montego estate, our motor industry would not have declined so sadly.

Until the Montego came along, Britain's motor industry had no

roomy estate car to offer customers who perforce had to buy French, German (including the Ford Granada estate, now no longer made since the new Granada is a hatchback) or, especially, Swedish. Volvo has made the large estate car market a speciality. Its 240 series and, more recently, 740 series estates appeal as strongly to antique dealers as they do to parents of large families and the "green wellie" set, whose straw- and mud-spattered Volvo estates are to be seen at gymkhanas, point-to-points and shoots.

Volvo has gone far up-market with its latest 760 estate, which is offered with 2.3 litre four-cylinder engines, including one with a turbocharger, or a petrol V6 of 2.8 litres capacity. An in-line six-cylinder turbo-diesel is another alternative. Interiors and equipment levels of these big estate cars are entirely comparable with luxury cars. One no longer has to sacrifice any of the good things of motoring life in deciding to buy an estate rather than a saloon. Leather

trim, air conditioning, central locking, electrically warmed seats and hi-fi in-car entertainment are all part of the Volvo 760 estate package in its highest reaches.

Vauxhall, too, offers a most luxurious 2.3 litre, fuel-injected Carlton estate as well as the sleek Astra and Cavalier estates. In the Cavalier the loading height is so low that part of the bumper has been incorporated in the tailgate. Britain's best-selling estate cars are the Ford Escort and Sierra, the former front-wheel-driven, the latter with rear-wheel drive. Which is better in an estate? In theory, rear-wheel drive is better able to cope with the excessive loads estates are sometimes required to carry because it adds to drive-wheel traction rather than diminishes it, especially if self-levelling suspension is not available. In practice, front-wheel-driven estates like the Citroën Safari, which does have self-levelling suspension, manage very well and are particularly highly thought of as tow cars. However heavy the trailer, a Safari seems to cope and it will, of course, never drag its tail.

The Japanese makers offer a wide range of estates, increasingly with front-wheel drive in the smaller sizes. Mitsubishi's Lancer estate has just gone over to front-drive, a year or more after the new saloons appeared. All the large Japanese estates are entirely conventional cars, rather like US compact station-wagons of a few years ago.

One of the finest estate cars money can buy is the Audi Avant 200 Turbo quattro. This 140 mph five-seater has an immense load capacity, a slant-tail for good aerodynamics and thus a moderate thirst for petrol at high speeds, and quattro transmission offers permanent four-wheel drive traction and security. It costs about £24,000, but replaces both executive saloon and on-off road towing vehicle at the same time.

So far, most estate cars have been "two box" vehicles, with a long bonnet as well as the people- and load-carrying body. An increasing trend is for the "one box" vehicle, with the engine contained within the body, whether it be at the front, between driver and front passenger or at the rear. Overall length is saved, and by raising the level of the roof, passenger space may actually be increased. The Renault Espace, Toyota Space Cruiser and Volkswagen Caravelle Transporter are three examples. Vehicles cast in a similar mould could be the estate cars of the future. ○



The Vauxhall Cavalier 1.6DL estate has an exceptionally low sill which makes it easy to load heavy objects on board.

THE SKY AT NIGHT

The Sun's story

BY PATRICK MOORE

We owe everything to the Sun. It sends us virtually all our light and heat, and without it we could not exist; indeed, the Earth itself would never have been born. Yet the Sun is only a very ordinary star, far less powerful than many of the stars to be seen on any clear night. It appears so glorious to us simply because on the astronomical scale it is so close. Its distance from us is a mere 93 million miles on average, whereas the nearest of the "night-time" stars is around 24 million million miles away. If we work out a scale model in which the Earth and the Sun are 1 inch apart, the next nearest star will have to be taken over 4 miles away.

During the past years we have found out a great deal about the Sun. In particular, we have a very good idea of why it shines. It is not "burning" in the conventional sense of the term; instead, it is creating its energy by means of nuclear transformations, and the essential "fuel" is hydrogen, the lightest and most plentiful element in the universe. Deep inside the Sun, where the temperature is incredibly high and the pressure is tremendous, nuclei of hydrogen atoms are combining to make up nuclei of the next lightest element, helium. It takes four hydrogen nuclei to produce one helium nucleus (admittedly by a somewhat round-about process), but each time this happens a little energy is set free and a little mass is lost. It is this energy which keeps the Sun shining; the mass-loss amounts to 4 million tons a second, though fortunately for us, there is plenty left.

In some respects the Sun must be regarded as a variable star. Every 11 years or so it is particularly active, and there are many groups of the dark patches we call sunspots, with violent flares and similar phenomena. Activity then dies down, until at spot-minimum the disk may be blank for many consecutive days; subsequently activity increases again towards the next maximum. The last maximum was that of 1980, so that the next is due around 1991. At the moment the Sun is at its quietest, and during the latter part of 1985 there were very few spot-groups.

All this is predictable enough, though the cycle is not perfectly regular, and 11 years is only an average. But there are some mysterious facts too. Not all maxima are equally energetic, and we cannot be quite certain that the cycle itself is permanently present. According to old records, the period between 1645 and 1715 was characterized by an almost complete lack of spots. This is the period

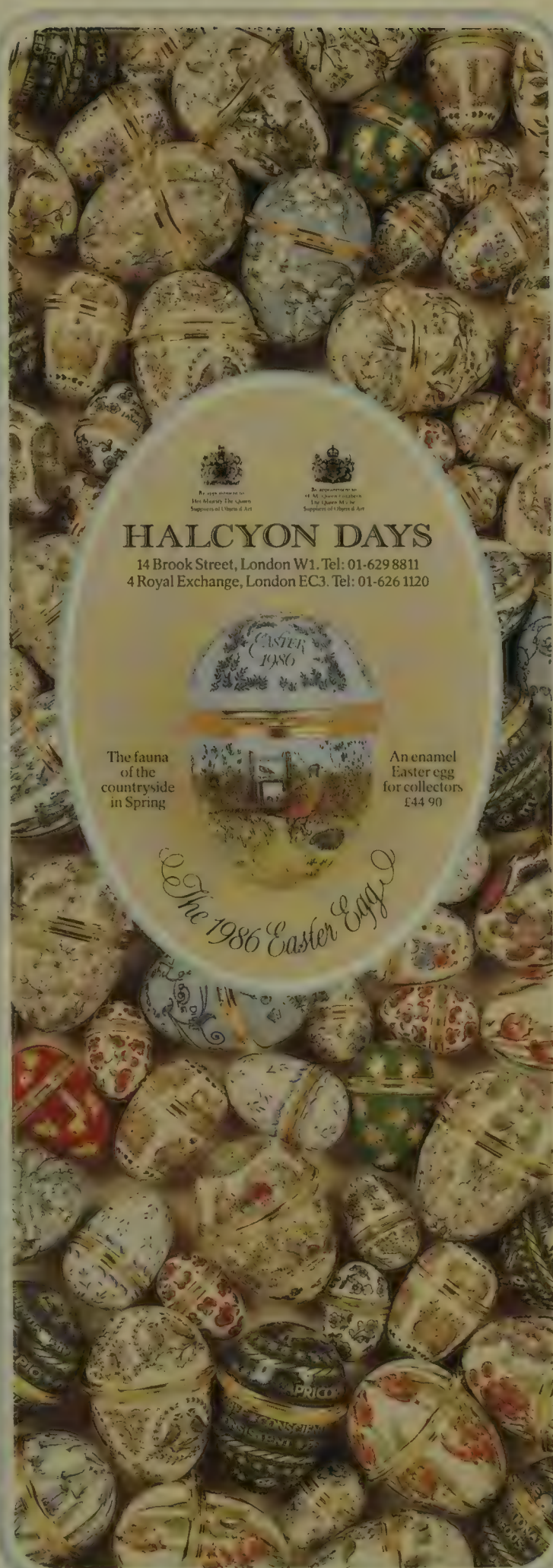
known as the Maunder Minimum, because attention was drawn to it more than 80 years ago by the English astronomer E. W. Maunder.

It is difficult to be precise because the records are not complete, but we can assemble various pieces of evidence. For example, the state of the Sun affects the form of the corona—the glorious "pearly mist" which makes up the Sun's outer atmosphere, and is visible with the naked eye only during a total solar eclipse, when for a few minutes the Moon blots out the brilliant solar surface. Eclipse records during the Maunder Minimum indicate that the corona was not nearly so prominent as usual.

In terms of climate it might be significant that the Maunder Minimum was a very cold period; during the 1680s, in particular, the Thames froze almost every winter, and frost fairs were held upon it. Going back still further, there are indications of earlier cold spells coupled with lack of solar activity, though the records are so fragmentary that it would be most unwise to jump to conclusions.

Another problem concerns the so-called solar wind, which is a stream of particles being sent out by the Sun constantly in all directions. Rather naturally, it had been thought that the solar wind would "slow down" with increasing distance from the Sun, but this does not seem to be the case, as data sent back by the Voyager probes dispatched to the outer planets have shown. We do not know why the solar wind behaves in this way nor are we sure of the extent of what we call the heliosphere, or region over which the solar wind is detectable. Again we depend largely upon the remote probes, both the Voyagers and the earlier Pioneers, none of which will ever come back; they are on their way out of the Solar System permanently, but with luck we will be able to keep track of them until well into the 1990s, when they should reach the boundary of the heliosphere.

Yet another problem concerns neutrinos, which are particles with no mass (or virtually none) and no electrical charge, so that they are very hard to measure, but they can be made to interact with atoms of chlorine to produce radioactive argon, which is detectable. There seems no doubt that the Sun is producing far fewer neutrinos than theoretically it ought to do. If the temperature of the Sun's core is "only" 14 million °C, rather less than is generally believed, the neutrino problem can be solved, but raises a host of other difficulties ○



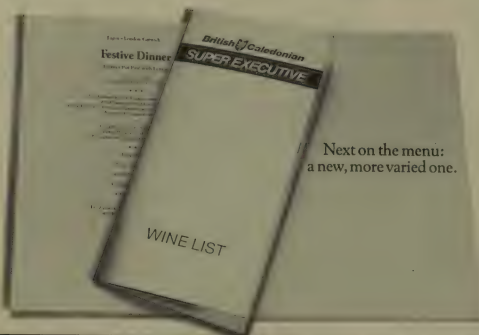
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A secret garden

When you walk past a suburban terrace it is fun to imagine what the gardens are like behind the prim façades. Most of them are probably very ordinary but here and there the treatment of a tiny front garden gives a clue that something exciting lies behind, perhaps a secret garden full of horticultural treasures. The front garden of Anne Dexter's north Oxford house provides such signals: a stone trough contains some interesting little plants while grouped outside the front windows are larger plants, not easily recognized; one of them, a very peculiar privet, is the rare *Ligustrum Quiboui*.

When I discovered that this address was in the "Yellow Book" of gardens open to the public I could hardly wait to see it, and was not disappointed when I did so. Barely 70 feet long and 21 feet wide, it is a miracle of ingenuity with countless plants tucked into the tiny plot but no feeling of constriction. As you pass through the French windows of the sitting-room to the small, south-facing terrace the garden lies before you, displaying every shade of green. Darkest emeralds, blue greens, grey greens and acid greens are all sparked through with other flower colours, from dark rose-reds and purples through mauves, blues and pinks to a few soft yellows and whites, a colour scheme achieved by leaving out the harsh orange, red and warm yellow range.

There is a central path, gently curving to one side which, like the "flowery path" of a Japanese tea house, leads you on, but slowly, because there is so much to see. You are beguiled at every turn by lovely harmonies and contrasts in plant forms, in flower and leaf shapes, in colours and tones. The path ends in a dark, inviting door draped in vegetation that might almost be the one in Frances Hodgson Burnett's *Secret Garden*. But there is no key to be disclosed by a robin—it is a false door and does not open—and there is no enchanted walled garden beyond, except the one your imagination and the trees of neighbouring gardens suggest, a brilliant stroke of design by Anne Dexter, when she created the garden.

When she took possession in 1957 there were 5-foot-high red brick



Nancy-Mary Goodall discovers
a garden of enchantment behind the unpromising façade
of Anne Dexter's terraced Oxford house

walls on either side of a rough patch of unkempt grass and weeds, with old rowan and apple trees and a few dispirited fruit bushes. One of her first acts was to start concealing the boundaries, following the advice of the classic garden designer, Humphrey Repton. She raised the height of the walls with a 3-foot-high trellis and provided supports for climbers; larch poles with short lengths of the branches left on were wired to the walls and half a dozen ornamental crab trees were planted and kept firmly pleached as hosts for clematis and other climbers.

Other simple but effective tricks involved reducing the scale and varying the levels. Anne Dexter started, as most gardeners do, by growing the easy, well known plants—forget-me-nots and wallflowers and the large border perennials—but by some slow process of metamorphosis she became that extraordinary English phenomenon, a plantswoman. As her interest in plants grew, and with it the passion for collecting, she turned to smaller, rarer plants, keeping a few favourite large ones at the back of the beds. It is easier and prettier to grow small plants in raised beds, so

she lowered the middle section of the path.

Now, as you leave the terrace, you step down and pass between beds built up and retained by low stone walls. These were filled with some of the soil from the excavation and with peat, compost, leaf-mould, horse-manure from the local stables and anything suitable that came to hand. The whole garden is top dressed every year with variations on the above, well broken down, plus bone-meal, hoof-and-hornmeal or seaweed powder, a necessity where the cultivation is so intensive. The alpine beds and troughs are kept fresh with applications of coarse sand and grit.

Running as it does from north to south, the garden lies in both sun and shade. The sun-loving plants are grown at the terrace end and include magnificent examples of *Convolvulus mauritanicus* and *Convolvulus albaeoides*, while the woodland plants are down at the far end, the nowhere-leading door being flanked by a handsome *Hosta ventricosa aurea* and a fine lady fern, *Athyrium filix-femina*. The shrubs around it include the much-maligned speck-

led laurel, *Aucuba japonica*, and a magnificent white hydrangea. There are many varieties of ivy and other shade-loving plants: the red-berried *Actaea rubra* grows next to a Japanese painted fern, *Athyrium goeringianum* Pictum, and, among other ferns, the tiny *Adiantum pedatum aleuticum*.

I must skate over the rarities in the alpine beds and the stone troughs—rhodohypoxis, tiny campanulas, primulas, gentians and precious bulbs—and some not so rare but pretty enough to merit a place—pink-leaved ajuga, some mauve *Viola cornuta*, Dresden china daisies and the pink form of the bloody cranesbill, *Geranium sanguineum*. Among the plants I particularly liked were the small, white-flowered evergreen *Parabebe lyallii* and that marvellous edger, *Polygonum affine*, whose flower-spikes change from pink to rose red to brown as they age. Among the shrubs were the rare *Eucryphia mulliganii* and the more easily obtained *Fuchsia magellanica Versicolor* with slender crimson flowers and grey-green leaves flushed pink. There are *Ribes brocklebankii*, a choice flowering currant with gold foliage, and two small, gold-leaved trees, both 15 years old, a slender golden elm and *Robinia pseudoacacia* "Frisia". Knowing how big this can grow I asked Mrs Dexter how often she prunes it. "Three or four times a year," she said, "like everything else."

She is particularly fond of her clematis of which she has more than 35 varieties, including "Madame Jules Correvon", an old wine-red form; "William Kennett", blue; the soft blue "Perle d'Azur"; and a fine form of the lily-flowered *Clematis texensis*. Among her roses are "Buff Beauty", trained up a pole; "Gold Wings", near the gold-leaved acacia, tiny-flowered, pink "Bloomfield Abundance" combined with purple-leaved *Prunus cistena* and the wonderfully generous pink climbing rose, "Aloha".

Gardens like this can be made only by people as devoted to plants as others are to pets or stamp collecting. It needs a good, artistic eye, attention to detail and continual maintenance, although Anne Dexter says that weeding is easy after several



Anne Dexter's garden abounds in harmonies and contrasts in shape and colour, above and near left. She has more than 35 varieties of clematis, including the lily-flowered *Clematis texensis*, middle. Another favourite is the magnificent sun-loving *Convolvulus mauritanicus*.

years if no weeds are allowed to set seed. In creating her secret garden she has shown what can be done in a small space and has given pleasure to many people, especially to those who share her intense interest in and knowledge of plants. Long may it flourish ○

Anne Dexter's garden at 23 Beechcroft Road, Oxford, is open to the public by appointment only (tel 0865 56020) between April and September 30. Admission £1.



First words in Palestine

Recent excavations in the Jordan Valley by Svend Helms have produced links with a previous dig and provide evidence of the earliest signs of literacy in Palestine.

British excavations between 1982 and 84 at Tell Um Hammad in the Jordan Valley have uncovered a sprawling village established in the fourth millennium around a small chalcolithic settlement near the confluence of the River Jordan and the biblical Jabbok (modern-day Zarqa) river. Three similar villages grew up near by, at Kithara es-Samra, Tell Mafluq and Ruweiha, indicating a dramatic increase in the population of this part of the Jordan Valley.

Surrounded by barren black volcanic rock, 125 miles east of Tell Um Hammad, lies the site of the short-lived, lost city of Jawa (fully described in *The Illustrated London News* of August, 1974), with its massive fortifications and sophisticated water systems. Identical stamp-seal impressions on identical vessels have been discovered at both Jawa and Tell Um Hammad and its neighbours.

The fourth millennium was a time of social transformation in Palestine. Its tradition of agricultural village life began to change, bringing it closer into line with its more advanced neighbours to the north, east and south where cities and city-states, even empires, were being established. By about 3000 BC many strongly fortified settlements formed a perceptible "urban" network throughout Palestine, from Dan to Beersheba. Some of the heaviest fortifications constructed in the Near East were designed and built at this time. Yet it is strange that throughout their floruit in the Early Bronze Age, for most of the third millennium, no evidence of writing has come to light.

For this reason alone we must reserve judgment as to the urban status of these settlements and the notion of nationhood. The only inkling of "written" communication consists of marks on pottery, including seal impressions. At the same time only a relatively short distance to the north, east and south developed writing systems were in use: hieroglyphic in Egypt and cuneiform in Syria/Mesopotamia. Records in these regions may refer to Early Bronze Age Palestine but the traffic was one-way. Palestine did not reciprocate these written communications in any literate way.

The signs and symbols depicted in Palestinian seal impressions of the third millennium are non-literate, except for a few oddities that can be linked directly to known foreign writing systems. Such impressions imply marks of ownership or decoration. Although there seems to be no direct connexion between the development of seals and their symbolism and early writing, it is possible to recognize several basic symbols that are shared by both.

When these basic symbols suddenly first appeared in Palestine in the fourth millennium—when the northern, eastern and southern systems were being "invented" and developed—we may infer a direct link in terms of a type of *lingua franca*. This link may allow us to discover the identity of the people who used them; it may therefore also point to their origin and thereby bring to life the social and political transformation of Palestine at the end of the chalcolithic period.

The date—a relative one—is derived from pottery which firmly fixes the short occupation of Jawa in relation to the reasonably well-established chronology of Palestine. At Um Hammad a new pottery repertoire replaces that of the Palestinian chalcolithic. Pottery of the Jawa type enters this repertoire, as an increment, a little later; but still well before the full Early Bronze Age, when the massive fortifications were first built. It would appear therefore that the new villages in the Jordan Valley were established or enlarged just before Jawa was built. On the basis of pottery we may suggest that both repertoires—Jawa's and that of the Jordan Valley villages—stem from a common source whose locality lies outside Palestine proper. Everything points to an abrupt introduction of new cultural elements, including perhaps a new economic system and an influx of a great many people, not as a result of internal population growth, but as a result of immigration.

The extraordinary and evocative aspect, however, is represented by the stamp seals: the same impressions have now been found on identical vessels at Jawa and at Tell Um Hammad, as well as at Kithara

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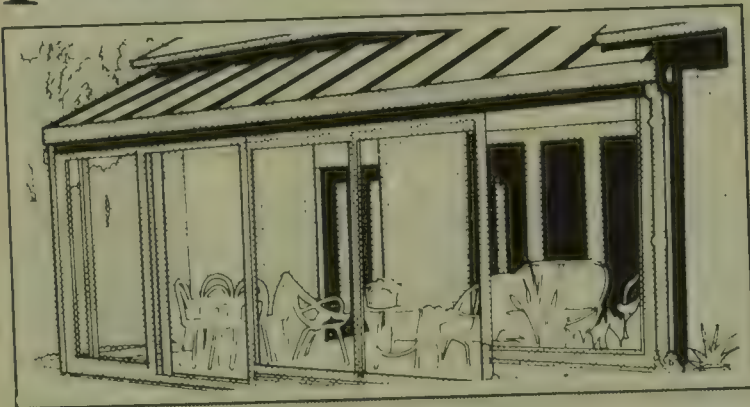


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The first excavations at Tell Um Hammad in the fertile Jordan Valley: they eventually revealed a sprawling village established during the fourth millennium, a period of social transformation in Palestine.

es-Samra and Tell Mafluq.

The large centralized settlement of Jawa belongs more properly, in geographical terms, to southern Syria rather than to Transjordan or Palestine. It may fit better into the emerging socio-political and economic reconstruction of the land around the oasis of Damascus. Tell Um Hammad and its immediate neighbours are only large open villages and definitely part of an, as yet, "non-urban" land. Yet they and Jawa existed virtually at the same time and share many cultural

aspects, in addition to the seals, which separates them from the long-established indigenous village traditions of Palestine. At this time then, we may assume that the boundary between "urban" and "non-urban" social and economic systems lay somewhere to the north of a line between Damascus and the Yarmuk river and, in the other direction, west of the Sinai desert.

In later times stamp-seal impressions on pottery vessels are thought to be a Syrian peculiarity. Their discovery in central Palestine

and at Jawa may allow us to extend the threshold of fourth millennium "civilization", specifically, from Syria southwards.

The actual seals used to make the impressions—none has yet been found—were probably carved in wood, stone, bone or even baked clay. Impressions were made on the vessel immediately before firing, on the body near the shoulder, and on lug handles and ledge handles. They appear on only a very limited repertoire of shapes which were made in a series of sizes. Such ranking suggests a form of volumetric standardization. The notion of measurement implies the development of numbering systems and these, in turn, are usually associated with literacy. Thus their meaning lies beyond mere ownership or "potter's marks".

Stamping pots before firing indicates a certain deliberation: an ordered co-operation between specialized crafts; between the potter and the producer of the commodity to be stored or shipped in the vessel. Such specialization with interactive ordering is another of the classical pillars of civilization, (among the others are high population density, fortifications and irrigation—all of which Jawa possessed). Now, through the seal impressions, the further dimension of proto-literacy is added.

The symbols used at Um Hammad, Kithara es-Samra, Tell Mafluq and Jawa can be reduced to two basic forms, each of which appears singly or in multiples. One symbol consists of a vertical line with short cross-strokes, the other a lattice of lines within a circle or oval. If our stylistic reduction is valid, we may be able to enlarge upon their significance.

The first symbol is known from fourth-millennium Mesopotamia as a

pictograph that stands at the beginning of writing and means "ear of barley" (Sumerian and proto-Elamite) or "granary" (Sumerian). In Egypt the same pictograph appears in an early form of hieroglyphic writing during the proto-dynastic period and stands for "bearded ear of emmer". The second symbol may be compared to an archaic Mesopotamian pictograph meaning "pasturage" or "pasture-land"—note the similarity to the symbol for "sheep" shown in the illustration—and to archaic hieroglyphic as "village", "town" or "place with cross-roads".


In the context of Tell Um Hammad, its neighbours and Jawa, the specialized reiteration of these two primal symbols, formalized into stamps and applied to specific vessels, might indicate the existence of a well organized and flourishing economic system whose region is greater Syria.

The two symbols may well have stood for commodities (produce such as grain and meat) and their grouping for a crude type of numbering system (by volume). Their stylistic uniformity might suggest a common source, or even authority that controlled production and perhaps trade for a time during the late fourth millennium. Jawa could then be regarded as an eastern outpost, on the desert fringes, that controlled the extended pasture lands, protecting them against nomadic pastoralists whose long pre-history is now becoming ever clearer through recent research.

The sudden appearance of new pottery, new, more numerous and larger settlements, fortifications and the stamp seals implying economic organization well beyond village systems, as well as a kind of proto-literacy, now begin to clarify the process towards Palestinian "urbanization" in an international Near Eastern setting. The fact that the potential literacy was still-born so far as Early Bronze Age Palestine was concerned may simply mean that the land was even then no more than an exploited buffer state between greater nations, and that when international interest waned, the "state" atrophied and returned to a more traditional agricultural and pastoral economy. This is precisely what happened towards the end of the Early Bronze Age of Palestine; it happened again after the next "urban" stage—the Middle to Late Bronze Age after about 1200 BC—and again, as a recurring pattern, up to the present century.



The symbols stamped on vessels discovered at Tell Um Hammad and Jawa can be compared with pictographs used in the more developed areas of Sumer, Elam and Egypt and provide evidence of Palestine as a bridge between these nations.



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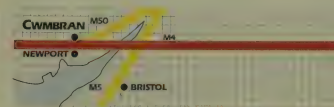
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ATOL 90

On the Western Front

Tom Pocock joined a group of tourists and pilgrims on an emotional tour of the battlefields of the First World War.

Walking up the slope of the ploughed field with a farmer's practised gait, Martin Middlebrook let his eye range across the turned earth and finally found what he sought. Smeared across the brown soil was a wide band of crumbled chalk, running across the shoulder of downland to the next and beyond.

"That," he said, pointing, "was the German front line."

Martin Middlebrook, Lincolnshire poultry farmer and war historian, was leading another party of tourists and pilgrims to the battlefields of the First World War. On this particular morning they were walking across the gentle slopes of Picardy in north-east France that had been no man's land on the morning of July 1, 1916, when the British Army had climbed from 18 miles of trenches to fight what came to be known as the Battle of the Somme. By dusk that day some 60,000 British soldiers lay stricken, a third of them dead or dying. Almost 70 years on, the memory of that day haunts the British imagination.

"Just here," Middlebrook said, pointing to the forward edge of the white smear, "you should find fragments of barbed wire and the shrapnel that was meant to cut it."

On that July morning the British infantry, heavily laden with ammunition and equipment for a long battle, had been ordered to walk forward and through the German front line, where the wire entanglements were supposed to have been breached and the trenches pulverized by a week of bombardment. In the event, the wire had not been cut and German machine-gunners were able to emerge from deep dug-outs to shoot down the advancing British in tens of thousands.

Already Middlebrook's party are picking up mud-caked scraps of barbed wire and the occasional shrapnel ball. Higher up the slope they would find jagged shards of shells, newly brought to the surface by the plough, and brass nose-caps. They would find splinters of grenades and bits of bayonets; there would be a few steel helmets and mess tins rusted thin as paper. The visitors searched silently, handling the muddy relics with reverence as tangible contact with all those young men whose names are carved on the headstones and memorials to the missing that are scattered across this vast, sad landscape of chalk bluffs above the valley of the Ancre. It was

one of these cemeteries that had first taken hold of Martin Middlebrook's emotions.

He had been on holiday in France, driving homewards through the department of the Somme, when his eye was constantly caught by ranks of white headstones drawn up according to size, some marking the graves of thousands or hundreds of men, others only about a platoon. Some stood by the roadside, others far away in the fields—later he learnt that some graves were on the sites of casualty-clearing stations or field hospitals, while elsewhere men had been buried on the battlefield where they fell.

On the road from Péronne to Albert he finally stopped his car and walked over to a long narrow cemetery that had once been a trench. Looking at the headstones, Middlebrook saw that the young men had belonged to the Devonshire Regiment and had died on July 1, 1916. In the cemetery register he read an account of what had happened on that day. At the end of it a sign had been erected over the dead men there: "The Devons held this trench. The Devons hold it still."

Now, two decades later, his eyes cloud at the memory and he says, "I became emotionally involved. I felt this strange mixture of anger, helplessness and the urge to do something about it; if only to help ensure that this never happened again."

He began to read about the Battle of the Somme and then came the idea of talking to its survivors. He interviewed 500 and the resulting book, *The First Day on the Somme*, published in 1971 by Allen Lane (now Viking), was a best-seller, the first of a series of notable war histories based upon such interviews. Two years ago he began to share his knowledge and emotions by becoming a tour-operator and guide to the battlefields.

Martin Middlebrook and his driver take parties of 18 to France by minibus; staying for four nights at the little Hôtel de la Basilique at Albert, which had been just behind the British lines in 1916. The groups have different motives for coming: some are following the steps—often the last steps—of a father or grandfather; others have become fascinated by the history of the First World War, or by the behaviour of human beings under extreme and prolonged stress. A few, a rare few,



are themselves survivors of the battles. All seem bound together by shared emotion and a sense of awe. On the tour I accompanied, the most knowledgeable in the history of the period was a young housewife from the suburbs of London and the most reflective, a Manchester bus-driver.

Sometimes local loyalties tugged at the arm and, as a Londoner, I found myself particularly affected at places like High Wood and Gommecourt, where other Londoners had fought, sometimes in long-disbanded regiments like the Post Office Rifles, the London Regiment and the Civil Service Rifles. From epitaphs and entries in the cemetery registers, names and addresses would assume a poignant immediacy. There, outside High Wood, lies Private J. R. Luker of the London Division and 4 Oaks Road, Woking, on whose headstone his parents inscribed, "Our only son and the light of our eyes".

At Gommecourt, where Londoners were sacrificed by the thousand in what was intended to be only a diversionary attack, Martin Middlebrook tells a story of lone heroism which, had it been known at the time, would surely have earned a Victoria Cross for Second-Lieutenant George Arthur. He had been a native of Halifax in Yorkshire and in the fighting around the German trenches had taken command of a platoon of the Queen's Westminster Rifles who had lost their officers. He and his men alone reached the objective, where they should have met the advance-guard of another British division, thrusting from the other German flank. This never arrived, and when his own men were about to be overrun by a counter-attack Arthur sent them back, remaining behind himself to hold the enemy for as long as possible. The sound of shooting was the only evidence of his last stand.

Martin Middlebrook tells this story standing on a concrete bunker that had been built as an observation-post



At Gordans Cemetery on the Somme visitors examine relics they have picked up in the surrounding countryside.

in the British front line. Here and there are other solid reminders of the past: at La Boisselle the huge craters blown by mines beneath the German front line just before Zero Hour; earth jumbled by trenches and shell-holes in woodland where it has never been ploughed as the trees have grown again. Nearly seven decades of ploughing have not erased all the traces: the chalk smears where trenches were dug and shelled; the pink brick-dust in the soil where farms or hamlets once stood. The ploughs themselves return evidence to the daylight: each ploughing season unexploded shells and grenades are heaped by farmers at the roadside, where they can be collected for disposal. Some find their way into local cafés to be cleaned, polished and sold as souvenirs, or to the extraordinary little museum that has all but overwhelmed the house and garden of Monsieur and Madame Foucat at

Pozières in the Somme district.

He is a gardener for the Commonwealth War Graves Commission which tends the cemeteries so beautifully, and his hobby is searching the battlefields with a metal-detector. Their little house has become a cluttered museum of munitions and now the garden and orchard are heaped with rusting weaponry. For the Foucats, familiarity has not decreased their reverence for all this metal and its associations, as they will not sell it to other collectors.

Such reverence becomes a usual reaction beneath the wide, solemn skies on the Somme. While plodding across that ploughed field with Martin Middlebrook, and reaching the band of powdered chalk that marked the old front line and the German wire that had defended it, the bus-driver from Manchester picked up the fuse of a shell, cleared away the mud, and put it in his

pocket. Soon afterwards he found something else, cleaned it with his thumb, saw that it was the buckle of a British soldier's belt and laid it back on the earth. Why had he kept one souvenir but not the other?

"The nose-cap belonged to the government," he explained. "But the buckle belonged to a bloke, part of his kit. That should stay here with him." ○

Our Travel Editor writes

There will be six battlefield tours this year: the Ypres Salient, May 12-16; Normandy, May 26-30 and August 11-15; July 1 Somme tour, June 29-July 4; the Somme, July 21-25; the 1915 battlefields, September 1-5. A further Somme tour may be arranged between June 9 and 13.

The cost from England per person in a double, twin-bedded or single room is £165, £175 and £185 respectively except for the July 1 tour which is £205, £215 and £225. This includes all travel, accommodation and meals on the Continent. Meals en route are extra as are museum charges. Pick-up points are at Boston (Lincolnshire), Peterborough and at various stops en route to the Channel port including the Greater London area.

Similar tours to the battlefields of both World Wars are organized by Holt's Battlefield Tours to France, Belgium, the Netherlands, Italy and North Africa. Lasting from two to 10 days they are conducted by experts and cost between £91 and £538 from London. This is the 10th year of operation.

Glenton Tours, a long-established company, have arranged three coach tours of six days (five nights) to the battlefields around Arras, the Somme, Ypres, Cambrai and Vimy Ridge with departures from London on May 11, 25 and June 8, costing £250 with a single-room supplement of £40.

Addresses: Martin Middlebrook, 48 Linden Way, Boston, Lincolnshire PE21 9DS (0205 64555). Major & Mrs Holt's Tours, Golden Key Building, 15 Market Street, Sandwich, Kent CT13 9DA (0304 612248). Glenton Tours, 114 Peckham Rye, London SE15 4JE (639 9777). French Government Tourist Office, 178 Piccadilly, London W1V 0AL (491 7622). Belgian National Tourist Office, 38 Dover Street, London W1X 3RB (499 5379).



The hardware of four years of trench warfare, ploughed up by farmers, lies by a roadside in northern France.



A British pillbox at Gommecourt is a chilling reminder of the miserable life of a soldier on the Western Front.

REVIEWS

THEATRE

A theatrical phantom of delight

BY J. C. TREWIN

Revived now at the Vaudeville, Noël Coward's *Blithe Spirit*, with its clashing of two wives, the quick and the dead, is not (I fear) for any serious connoisseur of ghosts. Certainly we have to look in vain for anything resembling my own favourite, Webster's "Enter Ghost in his leather cassock and breeches, boots, a cowl, in his hand a pot of lily-flowers with a skull in 't." Noël Coward, I am sure, would have coped with this if required, but here his Elvira can very well say, with another celebrated revenant, "We spectres are a jollier crew than you, perhaps, suppose." Though she is given to sulks, and disliked being paged while she was playing backgammon with Genghis Khan, Elvira's grey apparition continues to be, theatrically, a phantom of delight, as she was when Kay Hammond created her with that unforgotten plummy drawl. Now Joanna Lumley, bringing her from the shores of Styx (where she would be the life—if that is the word—and soul of any assemblage), looks after her with agreeable determination, despite a blurred line or two, and my belief that she could have more pleasure in the famous "Merlin does this sort of thing at parties and bores us stiff with it." Still, there must be room for complaint in any revival, and this is not alarming.

All reactions to the once audacious plot must depend upon what Sam Weller called the taste and fancy of the individual. Coward, who originally talked of a "light comedy", soon changed the label to "improbable farce". When he had finished it—it took just under a week—he said that he knew it was witty and well-constructed and would be a success. Undeniably he had not to worry about it for a moment: his manner was, and is, as relishingly mischievous as an amiable poltergeist's. True, the narrative does flatten out a bit midway, and the final use of the maid Edith is not espe-

cially persuasive. Yet it is one of the four thoroughly durable comedies of the Coward Industry.

Comparisons, of course, are inevitable. Older playgoers who remember Kay Hammond will think also of Margaret Rutherford (safe in memory as a voluble ping-pong ball). She created the strenuously happy medium Madame Arcati, who arrives to provide copy—unknowingly—for Charles Condomine's latest novel, and materializes his first wife, the "fascinating and meddling" Elvira. Hurling round on her bicycle, Arcati is a nearly unflappable professional, a grand part which can change cheerfully with its actresses (I remember Beryl Reid going into trance like a Scotswoman preparing for a day on Salisbury Crags). The woman rouses some of Coward's most splendidly irrelevant dialogue. There is the passage about Princess Palliatani: "Off she went, bag and baggage, to Vladivostok."—"What an extraordinary place to go."—"She had cousins there."

Rewarding though Arcati is, she can also be difficult to express. Marcia Warren copes now by being entirely matter-of-fact, a technician in the supernatural, employing her skills as part of the day's work, and taking the cucumber sandwiches as a bonus. The first-night house loved her throughout a comedy that stays unremittingly on what Coward described as "a plane just above reality". The piece is made for actresses—Jane Asher, the second Mrs Condomine and potential ghost,

is as decorative as Joanna Lumley, the first—but Simon Cadell does zestfully everything needed for the novelist-husband.

Where Coward disposed of *Blithe Spirit* between one Saturday and the next Friday, David Pownall took a fortnight over *Pride and Prejudice*, now at the Old Vic. He had not read the book before, and apparently he based his version on a single admiring run-through. The result appeared to me to go smoothly from the first appearance of Peter Sallis—musing as the ironic Mr Bennet—who speaks Jane Austen's opening words: "It is a truth universally acknowledged that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife." The passage sets perfectly the note of the matrimonial complexities that are to follow.

The dramatized text can serve very well, even if some of the fragments of extra dialogue might puzzle Miss Austen: she would not have offered that epilogue on the international situation. We have to square the performances with our own pre-conceived ideas of the book. There are few griefs, none at all with Mr Sallis, Pauline Yates (as Mrs Bennet in flood), and Tessa Peake-Jones as Elizabeth. Lady Catherine—did she suggest Lady Bracknell, I wonder?—is consistently a Gorgon-in-chief as Irene Sutcliffe sees her. Though I can imagine a more credible Darcy than James Warwick's, Ian Gelder's Collins, unctuously snobbish, is fully in the Austen key: "His commendations of

everything would have touched Mrs Bennet's heart, but for the mortifying supposition of his viewing it all as his own future property."

A last word: we have to be grateful that neither of the plays reviewed is a musical. *Blithe Spirit* has been done as *High Spirits* (not Coward's own score) and *Pride and Prejudice* in an American text under another title. Jane Austen might have said on each occasion: "Acting seldom satisfies me. I think I want something more than can be." Currently, I imagine, she would not complain.

CINEMA

One woman's attachments to Africa

BY GEORGE PERRY

"I had a farm in Africa, at the foot of the Ngong Hills." The famous first sentence of Karen Blixen's *Out of Africa*, the autobiographical account of the part of her life she spent in Kenya and published six years after she had left Africa for good in 1931, also opens the long, almost elegiac film that Sydney Pollack has made from her story. She was a well-bred Danish woman who, after being passed over by an aristocrat, on the rebound married his brother. ➤➤



Simon Cadell, Joanna Lumley, Marcia Warren and Jane Asher in Coward's "improbable farce", *Blithe Spirit*.

⇒ He took her to Africa and what initially promised to be a rewarding married life. But the good-humoured Baron Bror Blixen was feckless, and instead of children gave her, after a rare attempt at lovemaking, syphilis. She turned her attentions to the farm, with coffee as the chief crop, and embarked on a detailed and eventually passionate study of the flora and fauna of her environment.

A dashing Englishman, Denys Finch Hatton, entered her life and offered her the romantic fulfilment that had eluded her. He was killed in an air crash, the farm went bankrupt and she sailed back to Denmark, publishing her great book in 1937. For many years it has attracted film-makers, but until now without success. The publication of Judith Thurman's 1982 biography of Baroness Blixen, whose pen name was Isak Dinesen, has acted as a spur, and hers is one of five books that have provided the basis for Kurt Luedtke's screenplay.

Meryl Streep, given the opportunity to portray this strong-willed woman, does it so well that all the disappointments of her two most recent films, *Falling in Love* and *Plenty*, are overcome. Again she is required to play in an unfamiliar accent, and as usual she accomplishes it with her customary skill. Fortunately here it is modulated sufficiently for the technique to be less



Meryl Streep and Robert Redford in Sydney Pollack's *Out of Africa*.

obvious than when she played David Hare's heroine in *Plenty*. She conveys the essence of a sheltered European woman arriving in an alien environment, unused to the manners of either the whites or the African workers and villagers, but who, with inherent resolution and practicality, adapts to the beautiful and mysterious country.

Both she and Klaus Maria Brandauer, who plays Bror, are physically similar to their subjects, but what can be said of Robert Redford, who is

cast as a tall, bald Englishman? In the standard, if old-fashioned way of the Hollywood star, he makes not the slightest concession to these requirements, and remains obstinately a medium-height American with a full thicket of straw-coloured hair. The public, it is thought, want to see their idol as himself, not contorted and unrecognizable beneath heavy make-up. Even if this were accurate, is not a disservice being done to the other actors in the cast who have at least made an effort to match

their real-life counterparts?

Visually the film is compelling, and David Watkin's cinematography captures the sense of vastness of the African landscape, with tinted sunsets and distant horizons, brown mountains and shadows etched deeply by the strong sun. Sydney Pollack's film lasts more than two-and-a-half hours, and its pace is at times a shade slow, but, Redford aside, it is a wholly respectful rendering of its subject.

The central idea of *Young Sherlock Holmes* is an attractive one, since Conan Doyle fails to discuss Holmes's schooldays or how he first encountered Watson. They were, it seems, at the same public school, which bears a certain resemblance to Westminster since it seems to form part of the fabric of a great city. There they solve their first mystery together, and a satisfactory reason is offered to account for Holmes's enduring refusal to become romantically involved with any of the personable and distressed young women who called at 221B Baker Street for his assistance.

Although made in England, the film is the work of Americans—having been directed by Barry Levinson, written by Chris Columbus and produced by Steven Spielberg. What begins most promisingly turns into a fantastic adventure which in many ways echoes the last *Indiana Jones*

film with the hero, assisted by his short sidekick, rescuing the third member of the team, an attractive young girl, from human sacrifice at the hands of an army of robed, chanting, drugged followers of a lunatic sect.

This is not the Holmes we know, and it is a pity that although his powers of deductive reasoning are established quite early, his eventual triumph is accomplished by physical rather than mental prowess. Nicholas Rowe and Alan Cox, selected to play Holmes and Watson after a much-publicized search, prove admirable choices—the one lean, tall and self-assured, the other short, endearingly loyal and careful. They are joined by Sophie Ward, playing the only girl at a Victorian boys' public school, although the screenwriter, being American, does not seem to have sufficient understanding to appreciate how devastating her presence would have been in such an establishment. The cast also includes Anthony Higgins and Freddie Jones.

Nevertheless, it is an amusing entertainment. Those who resist the usual temptation to leave the theatre as the intermission chime heralds the roll past telling us who was the third apprentice best boy will be rewarded by an interesting revelation which is a portent for the subsequent career of the detective.

OPERA

Mozart on stage and screen

BY MARGARET DAVIES

Jonathan Miller's approach to *The Magic Flute*, now staged by English National Opera and previously by Scottish Opera, transforms it from a colourful fairy tale into a sombre allegory, thus encouraging his audience to come to terms with the complexities of a plot that no production can ever completely unravel. Concentrating on the theme of man's search for wisdom, he focuses on the struggle between the forces of reaction, as represented by the Roman Catholic Church and personified by the Queen of the Night, in the guise of the Empress Maria Theresa, and the seekers after enlightenment, namely the order of Freemasons, of which Sarastro and his followers are perceived to be members. The result is a combination of illumination and obscuration.

The action is set in a huge library, designed by Philip Prose, with stacks of books towering up to

Heaven, and we see Tamino as a black-garbed student reading at a table. He falls asleep and we are left to assume that the arrival of the serpent, Papageno, the Three Ladies and all the rest is part of his dream. Or is it? Because Tamino does not awake in the library. Yet it constitutes a permanent background to the performance while blocks of masonry are manoeuvred within it to create a sequence of rather anonymous scenes including that of the trials by fire and water, of which elements there is no sign. Dr Miller is right to treat it as a serious piece but need he have deprived it so ruthlessly of all colour and magic? Even the animals conjured up by Papageno's bells are only masked figures in black suits.

But fortunately Papageno is there himself to provide the humour and the humanity to balance the intellectual conceits, and in the person of Benjamin Luxon to share his bewilderment with the audience in a rich Cornish accent. It is a beautifully sung performance that both warms and touches the heart.

Making her company debut as Pamina, Susan Bullock reveals a fresh, ample voice and produces the most exquisite soft singing. Nan Christie projects the Queen of the Night's music with venom and accuracy and her three Ladies, Marie Storch, Shelagh Squires and Anne-Marie

Owens, are well sung and unusually characterful. Though hampered by Tamino's staid appearance, Mervyn Davies's singing is firm and expressive. Sean Rea as Sarastro produces agreeable sounds but not sharp enough diction to define them. Norman Bailey is the imposing Orator. Peter Robinson's conducting reflects the producer's serious approach to the music and provides good support for the singers.

Whereas Jonathan Miller may be said to have achieved a partial success with *The Magic Flute*, he scores on two counts with his television production of *Così fan tutte*, first in his exploitation of the medium, and second in his exploration of the piece. There is no doubt that its intimate, domestic scale is ideally suited to the small screen and, equally, television close-ups can be used to focus attention on subtle changes of expression. Watch the two girls' facial reactions to Despina's insinuating suggestions as Rosemary Ashe sings "Una donna è quindici anni".

Ashley Putnam (Hordiligi) and Jean Rigby (Dorabella) contribute performances that are attractive on both ear and eye, and their lovers are amusingly contrasted by Anthony Rolfe Johnson (Ferrando) and Thomas Hampton (Guglielmo). John Ravensley is a jovial Don Alfonso. David Myerscough-Jones's villa set provides an elegant background.

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BY ROBERT BLAKE

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by Anthony Verrier
Jonathan Cape, £16

The theme of this book is that British policy towards Rhodesia, now Zimbabwe, has always been dominated by the need to keep in with South Africa. Therefore any apparent liberalism is only a polite mask behind which lies the face of white ascendancy. Britain has in the end invariably backed the whites against the blacks. The constitution promulgated in 1979 was designed to preserve white interests and, although Robert Mugabe did in the event win the 1980 election, his victory was against all the odds and occurred despite efforts to put him at a disadvantage.

It must be conceded that neither Lord Soames (Governor-General of Southern Rhodesia) nor Lord Carrington (Foreign Secretary) wanted to see Mugabe as Prime Minister. They would have preferred, and probably expected, a hung parliament. Under the constitution the Governor could then have chosen a Prime Minister to form a coalition, and a combination of Bishop Muzorewa's party and Joshua Nkomo's might have ruled the country. It is also true that the cease-fire arrangements put Mugabe's party at a certain disadvantage. On the other hand his supporters made up for this by intimidation and threats. The Election Commissioner, Sir John Boynton, wrote: "... the elections were in general a reflection of the wishes of the people though in no sense free from intimidation and

pressure," but, he considered, "not so great as to invalidate the overall results."

The factor in the 1980 election which probably helped Mugabe most of all was that he alone had the power to end the civil war, or to continue it, in a war-weary country. Nkomo's forces were useless and merely lounged about as unwelcome guests in Zambia. Mugabe's (though not Mugabe himself) had been fighting for years, based in Mozambique whose independence, granted by Portugal in 1975, was the turning point in Rhodesian history. As for the whites, no doubt the British government did not want to see the settlers extinguished, but is the slight tone of moral indignation in Mr Verrier's book really justified? To make illegal the expropriation without compensation of white farmers under the new constitution was in the best interests of the blacks themselves. Dividing Zimbabwe into either co-operative farms or peasant smallholdings was an infallible formula for famine. And if both Soames and Carrington viewed Mugabe with apprehension it was not merely because of white interests but because the advent to power of an apparently committed Marxist might well seem a cause for alarm. What had been happening in Mozambique and Angola was anything but encouraging.

Mr Verrier has written an interesting book based on personal experience as a journalist, many interviews with participants, and much documentary research in Washington,

London, Oxford and elsewhere. His attitude is broadly liberal/left and, if he is in doubt, the Africans get its benefit, not the Europeans. He believes that Britain has been determined not to quarrel with the South African line over Rhodesia, partly because of the dependence of sterling on gold in the financial crises since 1945 and partly because of dependence on uranium for the "grandiose folly" of the nuclear bomb. That, of course, is a tendentious judgment from which many would dissent. It is interesting that the author has found nothing about uranium in the Cabinet papers, though a lot about sterling and gold. One could well add another reason for British reluctance to have a row with South Africa—a highly topical question today. There is a great deal of British investment involved in the Republic, and a great many British jobs. This is why the present government will have nothing to do with sanctions when unemployment stands at over three million. The British blue-collar worker does not get excited about apartheid, but he does about joblessness; and Britain is, after all, a democracy.

Mr Verrier is indignant at Southern Rhodesia being given the Royal Rhodesian Air Force, the Special Service Regiment and other military units by Rab Butler when the Central African Federation was dissolved at the Victoria Falls Conference in 1963. But the agreement all along was to return the defence forces to their original Territories.

The Prime Minister, Sir Roy Welensky, would never have gone to the Conference on any other basis. Certainly this strengthened Ian Smith's hand over UDI, but there is no need to see anything strange about the decision.

Another disputable point is Mr Verrier's version of Margaret Thatcher's change of attitude towards Bishop Muzorewa and the "Internal Settlement" at the Lusaka Conference in August, 1979. Contrary to his view she was not pressurized by the Commonwealth leaders. She had already in a significant, but little noticed, speech on July 25 indicated that she would not necessarily commit herself to that cause. One person who did notice—and with alarm—was Julian Amery, a redoubtable figure of the right in African affairs.

However, it is easy to find fault in a book which covers such recent and sensitive events. The author's narrative is excellent and he has uncovered some interesting information about MI5 and SIS (the American Secret Intelligence Service). He unravels the manoeuvres and complications of the period of Kissinger, Owen, Carrington and Soames with great skill, although the reader may find his perpetual use of acronyms somewhat exasperating. One need not agree with all his judgments. I do not. But this is an important book which will long be necessary reading for those interested in the end of Britain's last colonial anomaly in Africa.

RECENT FICTION

More than just a spy story

BY SALLY EMERSON

A Perfect Spy

by John le Carré
Hodder, £9.95

The new John le Carré is a brilliantly constructed study of a charming and successful spy, Magnus Pym, stationed in Vienna, who disappears after the death of his father. Neither "the Firm" (the Secret Service) nor his wife know whether he is lost or has strayed, whether he has defected, disappeared permanently,

or merely needs a mental break. But with the amount he knows about operations in eastern Europe, they are very worried indeed.

The form of the novel interweaves Pym's own account of his life with the description of mounting concern as those who were part of his life talk about him, seek to find him, and gradually discover the extent of the deceptions which have characterized the world of this man who was so many different people. His account is addressed to those he loves and has left, to his son Tom and to his friend Jack Brotherhood, who runs the Firm in Vienna.

The novel begins excellently, with a memorable description of Pym's arrival at the south Devon boarding house where he stays to write his account, his "autobiographical novel". The boarding house, presided over by the elderly Miss Dubber, is his secret home, where he

vanishes every now and again under the alias of Mr Canterbury. But this time, it gradually becomes clear, he is not intending to return to the dinner parties and glitter of Vienna, and to his spying. By the time he is tracked down it is too late to return.

The first few paragraphs display le Carré's gift for creating an atmosphere, a mood, something strange yet real: "In the small hours of a blustery October morning in a south Devon coastal town that seemed to have been deserted by its inhabitants, Magnus Pym got out of his elderly country taxi-cab and, having paid the driver and waited till he had left, struck out across the church square. His destination was a terrace of ill-lit Victorian boarding houses with names like Bel-a-Vista, The Commodore, and Eureka..."

John le Carré manages to create growing excitement, providing mysteries and clues and suspense

which help to keep this mammoth novel (460 pages) moving fast throughout. We want to know, as Pym's investigators do, whether or not he has been a traitor, whether or not he has other women, why he has decided to vanish, what made him what he is. We want to know, as his investigators do, the identity of "Poppy", the identity of Wentworth, what Pym's actions have been and the reasons for them. But what sets this novel apart from le Carré's previous work is not the handling of suspense, in which he has of course always excelled, it is in the quality of writing which never descends into cliché, and in the wit and depth of his characterization. This is very much more than a spy novel.

The main character, apart from Pym himself, is his father Rick: this is a funny and compassionate portrait of a Dickensian confidence trickster with a Micawber-like faith in his

own ability to come out top. He provides his son with a series of "mothers". The charming rogue is, in his search for wealth at no expense to himself, tricked by others as often as he tricks others. The correspondence between father and son is often hilarious and touching. Stuck in Bern after being sent there on one of his father's schemes to make a fortune, Magnus works in circuses and hotels while telling his father what he wants to hear: "Dear Father, I am really happy out here and you must not worry about me at all as the Swiss are kindly and hospitable and have all sorts of remarkable bursaries for young foreigners wishing to read law."

In Bern the young Pym meets Brotherhood and begins his career as a spy by betraying his Czech friend who stays in the room beside him. It is this betrayal, which was encouraged by Brotherhood, on which the novel's plot turns.

From his own writing and from the opinions of others Pym is clearly a man created by others. His sins are the sins of others, too, in particular those of Brotherhood. His father's failures of humanity have repeated themselves, and he is writing partly to free his own son, Tom, from those faults. As one of the girls he said he loved desperately remarks, "He's a shell. . . All you have to do is find the hermit crab that climbed into him. Don't look for the truth about him. The truth is what we gave him of ourselves." Earlier she says: "He doesn't have affairs. He has lives. We're on separate planets for him. Places he can call while he floats through space."

Reminiscent of *A Voyage Round my Father* or *A Quest for Corvo*, this powerful novel explores a personality: the clues are the clues to understanding this charming, deceptive man whose faults are a certain talent for friendship and a chameleon quality which turns him into whatever people want. As the novel proceeds, the tone darkens as the childhood larks are forgotten in adult larks and deceptions. The elegiac note which has been present from the beginning strengthens as Pym gathers all his past around him and our panic for his safety grows.

Le Carré has prepared the ground well for the revelations and for the ending. Never overstated, always providing just that element of reserve which gives his novels their lasting quality, Le Carré examines the character of the spy and clearly finds in it many of the qualities of the novelist which the spy Pym becomes as he writes away in the boarding house: secrecy, deceptions, charming lies. And how very agreeable it is when these talents go to write books instead of inventing real life at others' expense, as spies and confidence tricksters do.

This is essential reading for anyone, not just for fans of Le Carré.

OTHER NEW BOOKS

Henry Brougham

by Robert Stewart

The Bodley Head, £18

Henry Brougham was one of the brightest of British politicians never to have made it to the highest office. As a result his life, so full of sparkle and promise, particularly in the 1820s and early 1830s when he was widely regarded as the most important liberal politician in the country, has generally been considered a failure. Perhaps he was too clever. Certainly he was arrogant, vain, and eccentric. But he cannot fairly be regarded as a failure. He rose to be Lord Chancellor, he played a significant part in the passage of the 1832 Reform Bill, and he was a great law reformer. Robert Stewart has written a sympathetic biography that sets the record straight on one of the 19th century's most puzzling politicians, whose moral virtues failed to match his intellectual, and whose name today is perhaps best remembered for the one-horse carriage he designed.

Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings in Soviet Museums

Introduced by Marina Bessonova

Phaidon, £25

The Soviet collections of late 19th- and early 20th-century French paintings, now mostly in the Hermitage in Leningrad and the Pushkin Museum in Moscow, are among the world's finest. This book presents for the first time a wide selection of these paintings, well reproduced in colour, with provenance and catalogue notes by a team of leading Soviet scholars. The paintings range from early Manet, Monet and Cézanne to the works of Picasso, Matisse and Bonnard, with many others contributing to the feast.

The Royal Yacht Squadron

by Ian Dear

Stanley Paul, £20

The Royal Yacht Squadron, which is undoubtedly the most prestigious yacht club in the world, and not just because its British-born members are entitled to fly the White Ensign, had modest beginnings. It was founded as the Yacht Club in 1815 by a group of gentlemen (as Ian Dear carefully describes them) interested in salt-water yachting who agreed simply to meet twice a year—once in London and once at Cowes—to talk about their interest. In the intervening years the club has grown into a quite remarkable institution, which has boasted the Prince of Wales (later King Edward VII) and the Duke of Edinburgh among its Commodores and a wonderful assortment of eccentrics among its members. This is a respectful biography, as befits an author who confesses to sailing a 17-foot dayboat in Chichester harbour, but thoroughly entertaining and informative nonetheless.

THIS MONTH'S BEST SELLERS

HARDBACK FICTION

1 **Break In** by Dick Francis

Michael Joseph, £8.95

Horse racing again provides an exciting background to a master of the game.

2 **London Match** by Len Deighton

Century Hutchinson, £8.95

Last volume in a stunning spy trilogy.

3 **Hawksmoor** by Peter Ackroyd

Hamish Hamilton, £9.95

Brilliant but violent novel of great power.

4 **A Maggot** by John Fowles

Jonathan Cape, £9.95

It promises at the start to be a masterpiece but by the end is a little less than that.

5 **The Bone People** by Keri Hulme

Hodder & Stoughton, £9.95

The 1985 Booker Prize winner.

6 **The Mammoth Hunters** by Jean M. Auel

Hodder & Stoughton, £10.95

Third in the prehistoric earth children series.

7 **Texas** by James A. Michener

Secker & Warburg, £10.95

Chunky novel set in oil country.

8 **Flashman and the Dragon** by George

Macdonald Fraser

Collins, £9.95

Flashman goes to China.

9 **The Good Terrorist** by Doris Lessing

Jonathan Cape, £9.50

Worlds away from her previous science-fiction novels.

10 **The Good Apprentice** by Iris Murdoch

Chatto & Windus, £9.95

The usual brilliantly complicated plot with good and evil fighting it out.

HARDBACK NON-FICTION

1 **In Person: The Prince and Princess of Wales** by Alistair Burnet

ITN/Michael O'Mara Books, £7.95

The nicest sort of hagiography.

2 **Guinness Book of Records** edited by

Norris McWhirter

Guinness Books, £6.95

Indispensable for almost every argument.

3 **Blessings in Disguise** by Alec Guinness

Hamish Hamilton, £9.95

Outstanding autobiography of a great actor.

4 **One is Fun!** by Delia Smith

Hodder & Stoughton, £7.95

Useful cookery book for those who live alone.

5 **Coronation Street: 25 Years** by Graham Nown

Ward Lock, £7.95

If twice weekly on the box is not enough, here is an additional dose.

6 **Lester Piggott** by Julian Wilson

Queen Anne Press, £12.95

A reasonably frank account of a great if prickly jockey.

7 **Born Lucky** by John Francome

Pelham Books, £9.95

A nicely written autobiography of the most successful steeplechase jockey in history.

8 **Goddess: The Secret Lives of Marilyn Monroe** by Anthony Summers

Gollancz, £12.95

Another entry in the Monroe bibliography.

9 **Fringes of Power** by John Colville

Hodder & Stoughton, £14.95

A treasury of Churchill stories.

10 **The Kingdom of the Ice Bear** by Hugh

Miles and Mike Salisbury

BBC, £12.95

The book of the TV series, splendidly illustrated and fascinating for young and old alike.

PAPERBACK FICTION

1 **Strong Medicine** by Arthur Hailey

Pan, £2.95

Behind the scenes in medicine.

2 **Growing Pains of Adrian Mole** by Sue Townsend

Methuen, £1.95

It's that wretched boy again, as funny as ever.

3 **The Bear's Tears** by Craig Thomas

Sphere, £2.95

Another Russian spy story, but well done.

4 **Secret Diary of Adrian Mole, Aged 13½**

by Sue Townsend

Methuen, £1.95

Is there anyone who hasn't read this yet?

5 **Mistral's Daughter** by Judith Krantz

Bantam, £2.95

The painter who is better at handling canvases than people.

6 **Mexico Set** by Len Deighton

Grafton, £2.50

Second part of the spy trilogy.

7 **Hotel du Lac** by Anita Brookner

Panther, £1.95

The deceptively simple 1984 Booker winner.

8 **Heaven** by Virginia Andrews

Fontana, £2.75

Gushing story of a girl's search for happiness.

9 **Thursday's Child** by Helen Forrester

Fontana, £1.95

Another slice of pre-war Mersey poverty.

10 **The Fourth Protocol** by Frederick Forsyth

Corgi, £2.95

Chilling account of a near revolution in Britain, masterminded by the KGB.

PAPERBACK NON-FICTION

1 **Spitting Image** by John Lloyd

Faber & Faber, £3.95

Cocking a snoop at the Establishment.

2 **Floyd on Fish** by Keith Floyd

BBC, £3.95

Low in calories and high in taste.

3 **Twinkle, Winkle** by Gray Joliffe and Peter Mayle

Pan, £3.50

A rude book for the younger set.

4 **With Geldof in Africa** by David Blundy and Paul Valley

Times Books, £5.95

The umpteenth book on the subject, but the cause is worthy.

5 **Live Aid: The Greatest Show on Earth**

by Peter Hillmore

Sidgwick, £7.95

How it was on the day: snazzy pictures and cutting comments.

6 **Man's Best Friend** by Gray Joliffe and Peter Mayle

Pan, £3.50

Another rude book for the younger set.

7 **The Food and Drink Cookbook** by Michael Barry

BBC, £2.95

How to liven up the kitchen.

8 **Whispering Voices** by Doris Stokes

Futura, £1.95

Reminiscences of a famous medium.

9 **E for Additives** by Maurice Hanssen

Thorsons, £2.95

You will soon be afraid to eat anything.

10 **The Taste of Health** by Jenny Rogers

BBC, £5.50

Weaning us from our naughty ways.

Information from National Book League.

Comments by Martyn Goff.

HOTELS

A bolt-hole from the capital

BY HILARY RUBINSTEIN

A director of one of the big hotel chains told me recently that his group was investing in country houses within a radius of 50 miles from London and other major cities. The reception rooms would provide suitably elegant settings for daytime lounging and candlelit dinners, and the company would build tasteful modern wings for accommodation. When it came to bedrooms, he reckoned, guests cared less about historic atmosphere than about mod cons and comfortable beds.

He may be right in seeing this kind of hotel as a growth area. Certainly there are absurdly few recommendable country hotels within an hour's drive of the metropolis. Airport hotels, conference places and motels abound, but peaceful retreats for nerve-jangled city executives are much harder to find.

Earlier this year my wife and I tried out the newly-converted Flitwick Manor, a Grade II mansion set in a large park in Bedfordshire, 40 miles from Hyde Park Corner and 3 miles from the M1 at Junction 12. It would

seem to be just what my director friend was looking for. You could use it as a quick bolt-hole from the capital or as a peaceful nightstop just short of the city if you were motor-ing down from the north.

The house itself is choice Georgian with Victorian additions—an agreeable mixture—in well maintained parkland, complete with all-weather tennis court, two croquet lawns, a listed grotto and an ornamental pond. A part-Norman church provides a picturesque backdrop. The M1 is mercifully out of earshot; trains swoosh past frequently on the main London line about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile from the house but do not impair the serenity of the setting; the helicopter landing pad outside our bedroom was happily not used during our stay.

The interior also pleased. There are three dining-rooms—one in a library, another facing south over the garden, with candles and discreet overhead lighting, and a third, furnished with basket chairs and plenty of trellis and plants, overlooking a courtyard. The genial host, Somerset

Moore, though new to the hotel business, for many years ran a well regarded fish restaurant (the White Hart Inn) at nearby Flitton and, I am sure, hopes to bring his restaurant trade with him to this new, grander setting. I could not fault our sea bass and a very generous plate of shellfish which formed the centre course of our meal. Other courses, though ambitious, were not so successful.

I hope Mr Moore does not go in for any tasteful modern wing, and is content with the eight bedrooms in the house itself, well supplied with modern accessories—direct-dial telephones, remote-control TV, clock radios and hair-driers, as well as books, baskets of fruit and Roger et Gallet soaps. All the same, I understand what my friend means about the advantages of custom-made, fully-functional accommodation: our bed was not in the best condition, and there were also minor blemishes in the bathroom—poor lighting for the make-up mirror, a soap tray missing from the shower and a lavatory seat that did not fit.

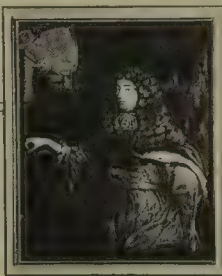
I asked Mr Moore whether he had ever slept in the room and he confessed that he and his wife kept on intending to try the rooms out but found themselves too tired at the end of a long working day to take their toothbrushes and night attire to a strange bed. Knowing how hard hoteliers work, especially in the first few months of a new undertaking, I was sympathetic; and perhaps by now these minor imperfections have all been made good.

In short, Flitwick Manor looks a good bet for jaded metropolitan dwellers who do not want to drive too far for a pampering break.

Flitwick Manor, Church Road, Flitwick, Bedfordshire MK45 1AE (0525 712242). Bed and breakfast single room, £50-£85, double, £60-£100 for two; set lunch, £12.75, dinner, £12.75 and £17.50; *à la carte*, about £23.50.

The above tariffs except where stated are per person and include VAT. The *à la carte* price is the estimated cost of a three-course meal including a reasonably priced wine. Service is included.

Hilary Rubinstein is the editor of *The Good Hotel Guide*.



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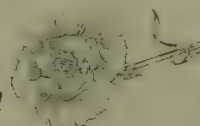
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The evergreen Ivy

BY KINGSLEY AMIS

I had hardly been back to the Ivy for more than 30 years, since Victor Gollancz took me there to discuss the publication of my first novel, *Lucky Jim*, and also, I realized later, to impress me with his power and importance, which the splendours of the place materially helped him to do. Although I was quite fully grown at the time, the premises on my return did seem a little smaller than I remembered, in the way childhood purlieus are supposed to when revisited. If, as I suspect, nothing had materially changed, I had underestimated the care and consistency with which the décor and furnishings had been assembled, making it about the nicest-looking and most comfortable restaurant in London.

To my taste, that is, which may well not be everybody's. Particularly in the pleasant little ante-room just off the restaurant itself, there is rather the air of a classy family hotel longer ago than 30 years: dark panelling, good Old Masterish prints in substantial frames, ancient bottles, copper pitchers. Here it was possible to try a guess or two at the clientele: mostly Londoners, business types, office types, no conspicuous artists, a few "creative" people in films or TV. I am no great social diagnostician, but spotting those fellows is no poser if you look out for long hair, casual to berkish attire without neckties, and a slight defiance of manner. You half expect them to pay off a rotund roll of tenners.

Much more important, drinks are made here under your eye by a very serious barman. Everything we had was excellent: champagne cocktail (not the easiest), Dry Manhattan (difficult to get the vermouthe right), Old-Fashioned (the glass perhaps overfull of vegetation, however), Dry Martini. This time round with the last-named I was reminded of the importance of the old twist of lemon. There are distinctive, piquant oils in lemon-peel which a sharp twist of the fingers, and nothing else I know of, will cause to spray into the glass to immense aromatic effect. Professionals can do this; I have never mastered it, alas.

The seating in the bar is cleverly arranged to accommodate some dozens of customers in a limited space without crowding them. Similarly in the restaurant the tables and chairs are placed so as to give you the agreeable sensation of eating in companionship with plenty of others while maintaining your privacy. The lighting is well distributed and not excessively shaded, the service unobtrusive, quick when required. All in all as good a place as any I know for relaxing over a meal.

Yes, the meal. The Ivy recently came under the umbrella of Wheeler's Restaurants and so naturally makes a great thing of fish and seafood generally. I had a good go at the whitebait, always a favourite of mine. Assumed but not certainly proved to be the fry of the herring and sprat, these little fish are found in concentrations in a few estuaries round our coasts, notably that of the Thames, and nowhere in the New World: remember that when lunching the chap from the New York office. One day I will wolf my whole portion—they always give you too many for a practical first course—and wash it down with just two, possibly three, lightly chilled bottles of Guinness, drink a large cup of coffee and then go home and begin the greatest novel of the century. Anyway, whitebait are supposed to be at their best in

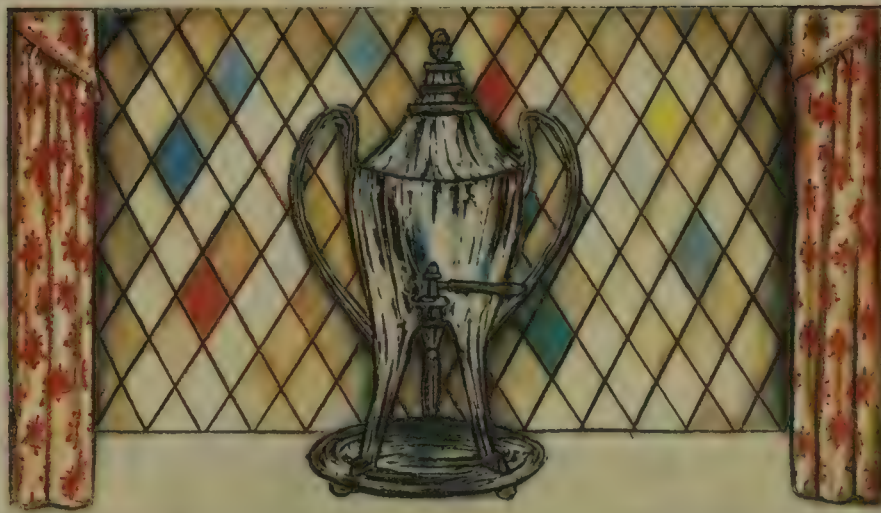
the early summer, but the ones served me at the Ivy in midwinter were unbeatable: crisp outside, hot, rich and mushy within.

Other fish starters were fully up to standard: first-rate oysters, a lobster bisque so full of the very heart and soul of lobster as almost to be too much of a good thing. Next time I will drink with it a heavier sherry than the fino I tried with it that evening and could hardly taste at all. After the bisque, which itself came after a couple of not inconsiderable drinks in the bar, I faltered over my grilled sole. It was worthy, unobjectionable, but also uninspiring, or uninspired. My guest was in similar case with her poached turbot. We would both have been glad to drop the matter there, but as it was found ourselves apologizing to the waiter—"No, nothing wrong... rather a lot... not very hungry..." Let it be written in letters of fire: *never*, however delicately or amiably, let the customer feel he could, might, should have eaten up his nice dinner. He is buying what is on his plate and should be allowed his own way with it, short of throwing it round the room. If there really is something wrong he will all too likely speak up anyway.

No other complaints. All the vegetables were properly cooked and served, once true of almost any establishment, now, mysteriously, more and more of a rarity. Unlike many other restaurants specializing in fish, the Ivy upholds a tradition by specializing in non-fish as well, and our roast duck and fillet steak were as tender and as full of flavour as anyone within reason could wish. A no more than adequate salad suffered from the prevailing gigantism. It would have done me well enough on its own as a not all that light lunch. Yes, I left most of it, and no one scolded me, but I dislike wasting food. Full marks were awarded the crème caramel.

The wine-list is on the short side, which I favour, and its contents are not overpriced, or no more so than has become common form. A bottle of Puligny-Montrachet (Les Folatières) 1983 left us smiling. I rounded off with a good, punishing, almost salty Marc de Bourgogne. Of this type of spirit, says Pamela Vandyke Price, "a very little generally suffices even the enthusiastic drinker". Well, generally, maybe.

Ivy Restaurant, 1 West St, London WC2 (836 4751). Mon-Fri noon-2pm, Mon-Sat 6-11pm.



FIRST BITES

Auntie's

126 Cleveland St, W1 (387 1548).

First named after a local character who ran an English tea-room on the premises in the early 1960s, this new incarnation is the product of a Business Expansion Scheme. And the owners have a success on their hands. It combines confident English dishes from former Dorchester chef Shaun Thomson and good value with three courses at lunch and dinner for £12.50.

Décor in the small ground-floor dining room is billiard-table green with wall-lamps and a black and white tiled floor. The Cornish spiced crab starter, Barnsley lamb chop, home-made venison and pork sausages and Ashford apple pie all merit praise—with a special round of applause for Auntie's

Rumbledethumps, small grated potato pancakes. Six English wines and several French including the house red and white at £4.90. About £30 for two.

Mon-Fri noon-3pm, Mon-Sat 6-11pm.

Village Restaurant

8 High St, Wimbledon, SW19 (947 6477).

Every neighbourhood deserves as good as Wimbledon now enjoys. Partly owned by Annegret Wood, this village restaurant, with a set price menu at £18.50, embodies a professional style and French cuisine that resemble that of Odins in Devonshire Street which she also manages.

White linen and fresh flowers grace tables, and prints and paintings cover the burnt-orange walls. Scallops braised with crayfish sauce was available as a starter or main course and, like the best end of neck of lamb served

with a lamb's sweetbread and kidney, is highly recommended. The kitchens also serve a basement bistro where simpler fare at £3.25 for a main course can make a visit easier on the pocket.

Tue-Fri noon-2.30pm, Tue-Sat 7-11pm, traditional Sunday lunch 12.30-2.30pm.

Kym's

70-71 Wilton Rd, SW1 (828 8931).

Peking, Szechuan and Hunan cuisine served on two floors among Japanese wall paintings and at tables on the ground floor reached across a small wooden bridge over a fish pond.

Good dumplings, crispy duck, shredded beef and griddle-sizzled prawn. Sake, wine and tea. Also, a set lunch menu Mon to Fri at £7.50. Otherwise, about £35 for two.

Daily noon-3pm, 6.30-11.30pm.

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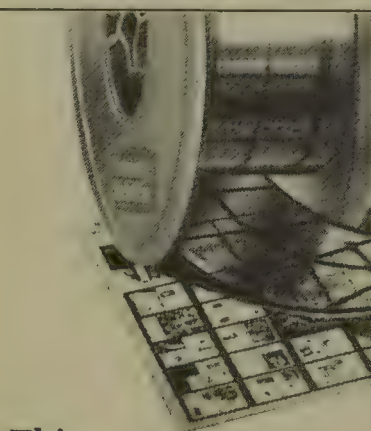
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WINE

Shades of red

BY MICHAEL BROADBENT

The eye plays an important part in the appreciation and understanding of wine. Sight is the first of our senses to be engaged, next the sense of smell as the glass is raised to the nose, and finally taste, as a sip is taken. Colour is particularly important when judging red wine. Under the heading "appearance" the taster will note the two principal elements of depth and colour or hue, then perhaps the clarity and viscosity of the wine.

The actual depth of colour and intensity will reveal to the trained eye the body—weight, extract, alcoholic content—of the wine, even clues to identifying grape variety, district and style. The hue, particularly at the rim, gives the first and most precise indication of its state of development and maturity.

What produces the colour and what causes it to change? Red wine is made from black grapes—grapes with skins that are initially pale green and which change colour during the summer months, becoming deeper and thicker as they mature. At vintage time the skins will vary from purplish to red-black although the bloom will make them look powdery blue. With the excep-

tion the wine maker can reduce the harsher tannic elements to produce a softer, more quickly maturing wine. But as this also reduces the pigment extraction time, the wine will be paler though still with a youthful hue, like Beaujolais. It is when short cuts like this are made in major vineyard areas that one suspects the producer.

Claret, in exceptional vintages following hot summers like 1945, 1961 and 1982, starts life very deep, virtually opaque. Its vivid purple colour seems to press against the edges of the glass. During its initial one and a half to two and a half years in small oak casks it will start its steady, remorseless change. The tannin from the skins, aided by tannin extracted from the wood, steadily precipitates the colouring matter, a process which continues as the wine ages in bottle. It is largely this deposited colouring matter which necessitates decanting. Yet wines of great vintages will always have a deep, rich, thick look to them. The actual state of maturation, of softness, of drinkability can be judged by the colour at the rim which turns through ruby, brick red to amber brown.

Poor vintages, resulting from a lack of sunshine, too much cold and rain, will be relatively pale from the moment the wine is made, and its rim, though violet-coloured, will be watery; and, lacking the concentration of tannins, fruit, extract and alcohol, the wine will lose colour and mature more quickly.

The hand of man can to a certain extent control colour by speeding up the fermentation period so that less colour and tannin is extracted, making an easier (to sell and drink) and more speciously supple wine. Indeed, growers in Burgundy have been widely accused of taking these commercially attractive short cuts. However, the critics seem to be unaware that the Pinot Noir, the burgundy grape, has a relatively thin skin which normally contains less pigment and fewer tannins than the Cabernet Sauvignon of Bordeaux. In exceptional years like 1945, and to a lesser extent 1983, deep-coloured wines are produced in Burgundy. Longer fermentation is not the only solution and some producers favour the so-called *méthode ancienne*, though many of the previous "ancient methods" included blending with the deep-coloured wines from the Rhône, Midi—even Algeria, not to mention a dollop of brandy.

A good burgundy of a decent year from a reputable grower will have a

distinctly less aggressive, broader and more expansive appearance in the glass. Starting in cask with a purple hue it will tend to develop and brown more rapidly than claret. To demonstrate the difference, compare a 1979 classed growth claret with almost any *domaine*-bottled *premier cru* Côte de Nuits.

Grapes grown in the baking hot valleys of the Rhône and the Napa in California will develop thick

W

ines

of great vintages will always have a deep, rich, thick look to them.

suntanned skins and a high sugar content. The net result, after fermentation, is a high degree of alcohol and deep colour. Although these wines start by being opaque and intensely purple, the change of colour and development of the wine in these warm regions tends to be quicker than the less hefty but more tannic red bordeaux.

Although these observations refer to natural-strength wines, port, a fortified red wine, behaves in more or less the same way. At the moment the fermentation is stopped by the addition of brandy, the wine is as black as night. In cask, port loses its initial depth and purple fairly rapidly. A "ruby" turns into a "tawny"—the simplest yet most accurately described wine type—after only a handful of years.

Vintage port, made from the best wines in only the best years, is put into bottle after two years in wood and thereafter holds its colour more tenaciously. Most 1963s are still quite deep, but a very old vintage, say a 1908, will have become a pale tawny with just a rosy blush, indicating that there is life in it yet.

The colour of a red wine is best judged in a rather clinical white-walled tasting room with a north light. Failing that, under good, bright tungsten lights. Fluorescent lights distort the colour of red wine, making a glowing ruby look bluish and drab. Candlelight gives the wine an appealing glow but makes it hard to judge its maturity, which is why when asked to guess the age of a wine at a dinner party one can be decades out. The nose and palate then come into play ○

The
colour potential depends
on the type of grape and the
thickness of its skin.

tion of one unremarkable variety, the flesh and juice of all grapes, whether black or white, will be very pale green.

All colouring matter is in the skin of the grape. It is extracted during fermentation. The colour potential depends on the type of grape and the thickness of its skin, and the amount extracted upon the length of fermentation. Fine wines made from "noble" grape varieties in classic districts and which are intended to mature slowly (the French call these *vins de garde*) will be made from fully ripe grapes with fairly thick skins full of colouring matter and tannins. The latter elements are related, both being phenolic compounds. Anthocyanins, which form the red pigment, vary in strength but as the wine ages they break down, gradually turning brown.

By shortening the time of ferment-

CHESS

Korchnoi stays on top

BY JOHN NUNN

Viktor Korchnoi is one of the most interesting players in the chess world, both on and off the board. Ever since he defected from the Soviet Union in 1976 his life has been surrounded by controversy. His 1978 world championship match with Karpov introduced parapsychologists and gurus onto the chess scene, and although this was the pinnacle of his career he has remained in the world's top five ever since. Now that he is 54 years old, any bad result sets off speculation that his powers are fading, but he has always recovered.

Last September he had a very poor performance in the Candidates' tournament at Montpellier, but this seemed only to stimulate his famous fighting spirit. In the world team championship at Lucerne in November he made an excellent score of 7½ out of 9 on board one, only to top this with an incredible 11 out of 13 in a Christmas international at Brussels. It is often said that chess is becoming a young man's game, but in Brussels the oldest player won and I am sure that Korchnoi will stay at the top for many more years.

Final scores at Brussels: Korchnoi (Switzerland) 11 (out of 13), Spassky (France) 10½, van der Wiel (Netherlands) 9, Sax (Hungary) 8½, Nunn (GB) 8, Grunfeld (Israel) 7, Polgar (Hungary) and Garcia Palermo (Argentina) 6½, Kouatly (France) and Speelman (GB) 6, Hodgson (GB) 4½, Jadoul 4, Pergericht 3, Icllicki (all Belgium) ½.

Here is one of Korchnoi's many efficient wins from Brussels.

V. Korchnoi **C. Garcia**
Palermo

White **Black**

Réti Opening

1 N-KB3 P-Q4
2 P-B4 PxP
3 Q-R4ch

White can also regain the pawn by 3 P-K3 or 3 N-R3, but all three lines are little explored and the best choice is a matter of opinion.

3 ...P-QB3
4 QxP(B4) N-B3
5 P-KN3 B-N5

The first new move of the game. Black aims to complete his development by ... QN-Q2, ... P-K4, ... B-Q3 and ... 0-0.

6 B-N2 QN-Q2
7 P-Q4 BxN

Black is forced to give White the two bishops or he will be unable to play ... P-K4.

8 BxB P-K4
9 B-K3 P-K5?

An easy mistake to make. Black is tempted by the possibility of gaining

both time and space with the same move, but the pawn at K5 will become very weak since Black lacks the white-squared bishop needed to support it.

10 B-N2 N-Q4

Normal development by 10 ... B-Q3 just loses the advanced pawn after 11 Q-B2 followed by N-B3, so Black aims to support it by ... P-KB4. The problem with this plan is that the advance of the KBP creates more white-squared weaknesses along the QN3-KN8 diagonal.

11 0-0

Korchnoi rightly spurns the immediate capture of the pawn since 11 BxP NxP 12 PxN Q-K2 13 Q-Q3 P-KN3 14 B-B3 B-R3 15 P-K4 R-Q1 gives Black active piece play.

11 ...P-KB4

12 N-B3 N(2)-N3

13 Q-N3 Q-Q2

13 ... B-Q3 14 P-QR4 P-QR4 15 NxN PxN 16 Q-N5ch forces Black to move his king, whereupon 16 ... K-B2 17 P-B3 gives White a murderous attack.

14 B-Q2

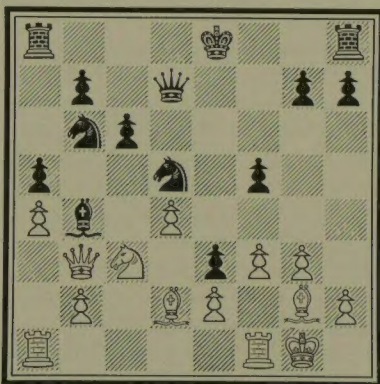
Preparing to break open the centre by P-B3.

14 ...P-QR4

15 P-QR4 B-N5

16 P-B3! P-K6?!

Black had a difficult position in any case, since 16 ... PxP 17 RxP 0-0 18 QR-KB1 gives White strong pressure, but at least Black could still fight.



17 NxN NxN

Perhaps Black intended 17 ... PxP 18 NxN QxPch, but only now realized that 17 ... PxP loses a piece after 18 Q-K3ch!

18 BxB PxP

19 P-B4 0-0-0

Black is lost. This is the only way to avoid shedding a pawn, but the king is very poorly placed on the queen-side and White quickly develops a decisive attack.

20 P-R5 N-B2

21 P-R6! NxP

22 BxP Q-K2

23 Q-B4 B-N2

24 R-R7 Resigns

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BRIDGE

Unlikely No-trumps

BY JACK MARX

Three No-trump declarations are usually looked on as the bread and butter contracts of the game, for a player is likely to starve unless he bids plenty of them and makes more than a bare majority of those he bids. But sometimes he seems to be offered only a dry crust and he may have to rely for the butter on the unwitting generosity of opponents.

In a team-of-four match both Souths on this hand opened One No-trump (15-17) and arrived unopposed at Three No-trumps after North had investigated a possible spade contract via a Stayman Two-Club response.

♠ J 10 9 5	Dealer East
♥ K Q 7	Game All
♦ A 10 6 4	
♣ 9 4	
♠ 8 2	♠ K 7 6 4
♥ J 8 6 4 2	♥ 9
♦ K	♦ Q 9 7 3
♣ K Q 10 7 6	♣ 8 5 3 2
♠ A Q 3	
♥ A 10 5 3	
♦ J 8 5 2	
♣ A J	

On West's lead of Club King, South was irritated to find his contract endangered by the duplicated doubleton, despite having at his disposal 26 points as well as a number of good intermediate cards. A successful spade finesse would bring in eight tricks with hope for a ninth from either a fourth heart or a fourth spade.

Entering dummy with a top heart after taking his Club Ace at trick one, South finessed the Jack and then the Queen of Spades. Not liking the look of West's Eight, he entered dummy again with the second top heart and felt an even lesser liking for East's discard of Club Two. This card completed a peter which had begun at the first trick with Club Five. However, the knowledge that East had originally held four clubs was less valuable to West than to South, who now knew that West had begun with precisely one diamond when that player flung a small heart on declarer's playing off his Ace of Spades. South accordingly cashed dummy's Diamond Ace and threw West in to cash his four clubs and then perforce to lead a heart into the Ace and Ten.

The contract was made at the other table by a slightly different aberration on the part of East. Wishing to impress on partner that he had struck oil, East flourished the Eight of Clubs on the opening King lead and thus deprived himself of all hope of ever obtaining the lead. In fact, this South proceeded with the play exactly as at the first table.

The first East should have realized that if declarer held Diamond King there were nine tricks for the taking. He could accordingly safely let go a diamond on the second heart and keep all his clubs. If South now strips West of his diamond, East can be allowed to win the third round of clubs with the Eight, when he can cash his Diamond Queen and still have a club to lead to West's two remaining winners. If declarer omits to cash Diamond Ace, West can exit safely with his diamond after taking his four clubs.

Later in the match an even more dubious no-trump game was bid by one of the North-Souths. Here there were fewer high-card points between the two hands, totalling no more than 24, considered by most authorities as just short of what is needed on totally balanced hands to bring in nine tricks sufficiently often to provide the right odds. Moreover, there was one suit quite unguarded. Nevertheless, South's luck held, reinforced though it was by shrewdness in appreciating whatever clues there were.

♠ 10 7 4	Dealer East
♥ A 10 5 3	Game All
♦ K Q J 3	
♣ 10 2	
♠ Q 8 6 2	♠ A K 3
♥ K 9 7	♥ J 8 4
♦ 9 8 6	♦ 7 4 2
♣ 8 7 4	♣ K 9 5 3
♠ J 9 5	
♥ Q 6 2	
♦ A 10 5	
♣ A Q J 6	

North-South's not very confident bidding was unopposed:

South 1♣	1NT	2♥	3NT
North 1♥	2♦	2NT	No

Defenders started with their four spade winners, on the last of which East pitched a small diamond and the others small hearts. West shifted to a diamond, won by South who had to assume for the contract to have any chance that East held Club King. Since East had passed as dealer he could scarcely hold Heart King as well, though he might hold Heart Jack. Deciding to play East for Heart Jack and length in clubs, South led Heart Queen, covered by King and won with Ace. To reassure himself about clubs, he next led Ten from dummy and found it won when he ran it. Very confident now, South cashed the rest of the diamonds. At trick Ten East was left with Heart Jack and three clubs to the King. In face of the visible Heart Ten, East had to throw a club and so only one more finesse would ensure three more club tricks and the contract ○

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